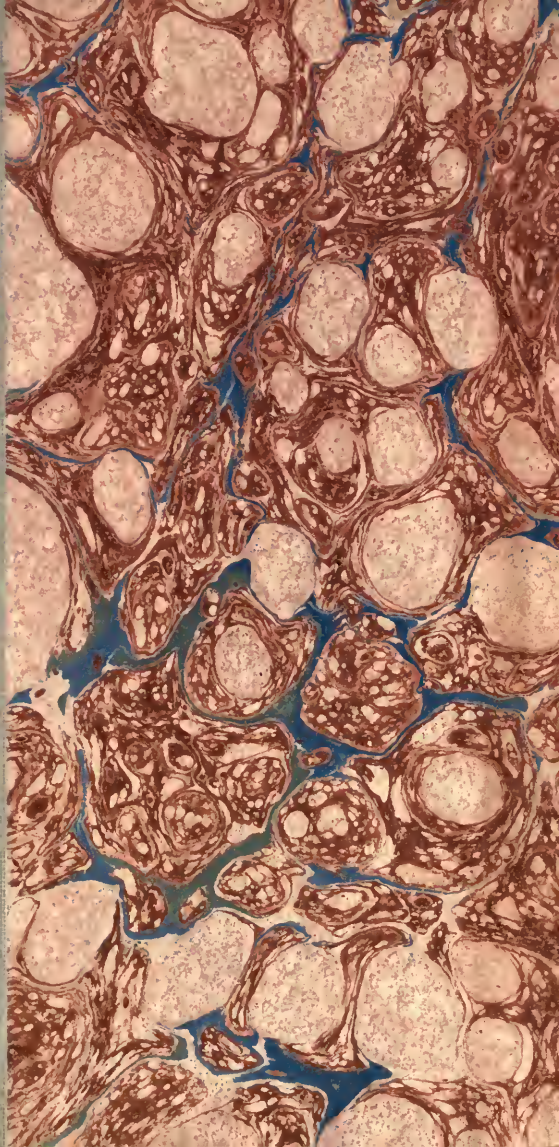


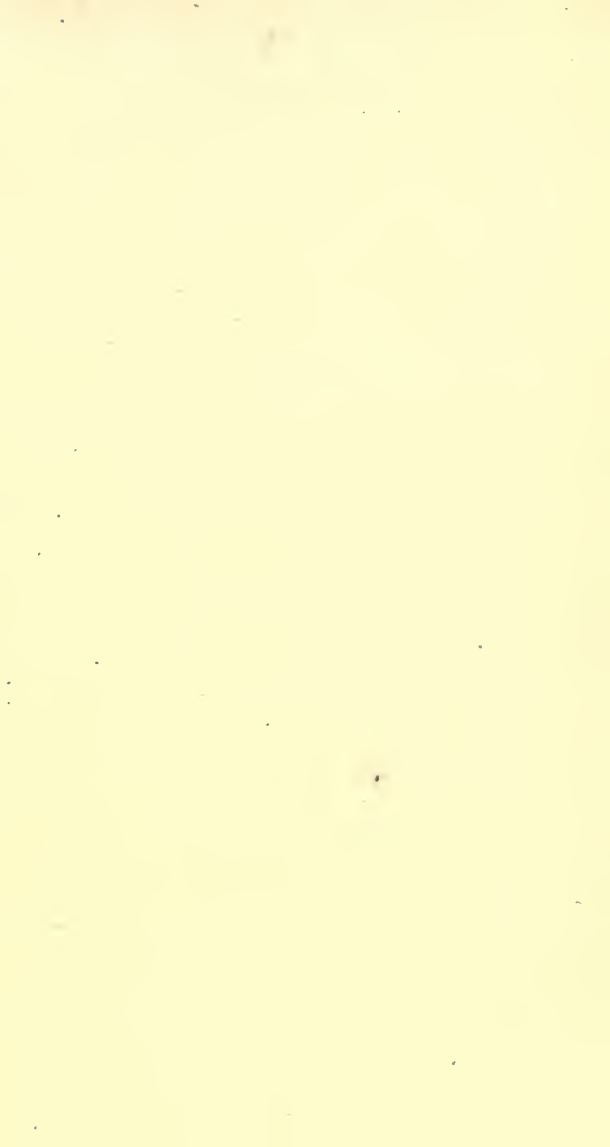




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WORKS
OF
DE REYRAC.

H Y M N S,

ELEGIES,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

In Poetic Prose:

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN FRENCH,

BY THE

ABBE DE REYRAC,

Censor Regius, Correspondent to the Royal Academy
of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres of Paris.

Translated from the Paris Edition of 1796.

BY F. B. WRIGHT.

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The Hymn to the Sun was first published as a translation of a greek manuscript, said to have been found in one of the islands of the Archipelago, some time before the discovery of Homer's tomb. The success it met with, was very considerable, a second edition being called for, the Author published it with his own name. He says he had no intention to deceive by publishing it as a translation, but it was purely from a mistrust of his own powers.

Six editions were sold in France in less than six years. This encouraged the Author to publish the other pieces, which are found in the present volume, in the same style.

Wisbech, Dec. 24, 1805.

N. B. The Reader is requested to excuse a mistake which occurs in the numbering of the pages from 161, as it was not discovered in time to prevent it.

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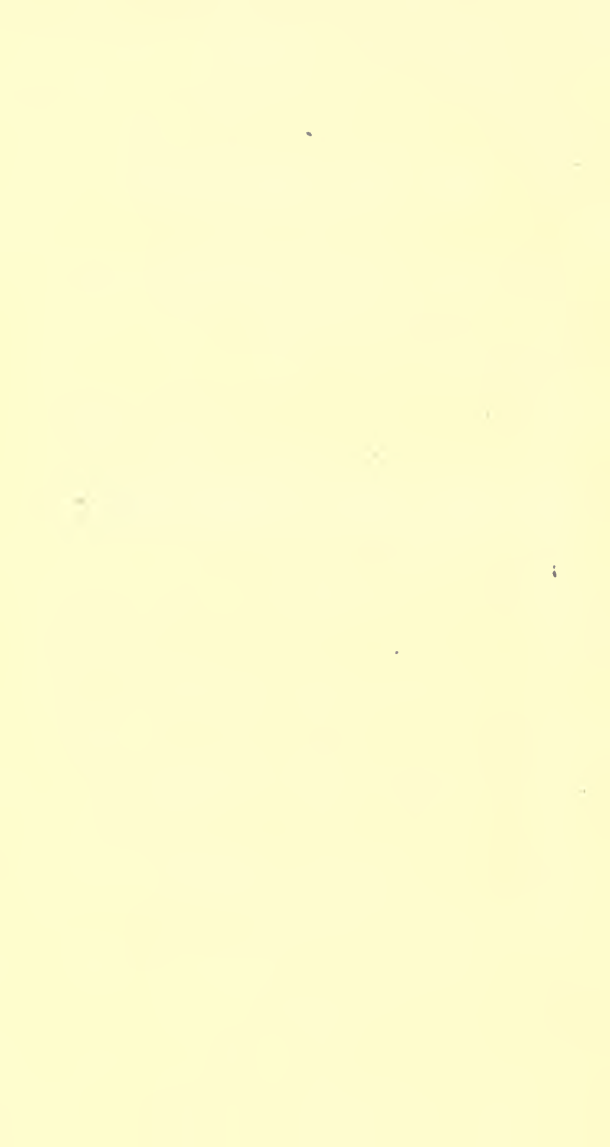
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HYMN TO THE SUN.

CANTO I.



HYMN TO THE SUN.

CANTO I.



MAGNIFICENT master-piece of the omnipotent hand of the immortal Deity, grand luminary, thy splendor is ever new to my ravished eyes. From the summit of this towering mountain, which rears its lofty head to heaven, glowing with thy dazzling rays, O Sun, I hail with rapture the first appearance of thy beams, and consecrate to thee this feeble homage.

Divine Apollo, thou rememberest the day, when, under that spreading beech, I sacrificed to thee a

white heifer in return for the golden harp, that tuneful and bright harp which I received from thy hands. God of verse, I then promised to compose a hymn to thy glory. I called Olympus and the waves of Styx to witness. I planted two laurels near that steep rock, which a continual cascade waters with a silver flood. I suspended my haut-boy from the branches of that ancient oak, protesting to heaven, that I would not tune it until the happy day, when I should come to thy temple to offer to thee the solemn tribute of my songs.

Since that time twelve winters have rolled over my head; twelve times have the trees been crowned with verdure, and with fruits, and yet my holy vow remains unfulfilled. God of Delos, and you who lavished on me your immortal favors, Goddesses of Helicon, will you pardon me the neglect of my oath?

I have celebrated the mad revels, and noisy frasts of the Corybantes, masters of Jupiter. I have described the frantic drunkenness and ravings of the priestesses of the conqueror of India. The turbulent Bacchantes, with hair dishevelled, eyes

wild and sparkling, foam issuing from their burning mouths; holding a thyrsus in their hand; striking the earth with their feet, rushing against one another with violence, running here and there, through woods, over rocks and mountains, whose caverns resound with their savage cries; and inspiring their mad orgies by the noise of cymbals and dreadful howlings.

Orpheus, oh everflowing grief! Orpheus, the son of the great Apollo, who by the ravishing sounds of his lyre, penetrated even to Tartarus; who suspended, by his magic sounds, the rapid course of rivers; who moved the lions and oaks of mount Rhodope. Orpheus, rendered insensible by the loss of Euridice, becomes the victim of those cruel Bacchantes. Irritated by his gloomy sorrow, and like furious tigresses, growling over their prey, roll their flaming eye balls, they rush upon him, tear asunder his trembling limbs, and throw his bloody head into the affrighted Hebrus. It floats, alas! the sport of the foaming waves; but his tongue, already seized by the icy hand of death,

groans still along the stream, and in faltering accents calls Euridice! ah my dear Euridice! the plaintive echo repeats, Euridice!

I have also played on the flute of Pan, the delights of the golden age, the lovely season of flowers, and the charms of the spring, the unchangeable felicity of the peaceful hamlets: the tranquil and innocent life of the simple shepherds, seated on the banks of Pindus, or gathering the humble violets on the borders of Arethusa. I have also described the Gods of the Ocean, Triton sounding his crooked trumpet on the liquid plain, and sporting with the Nereides on the stormy bosom of Amphitrite.

At other times I have sketched with a rustic pencil, the old companion of Bacchus, Silenus, crowned with a garland of vine leaves, interwoven with honeysuckles, roses, and flowery myrtle; surrounded by a playful throng of fauns and satyrs, lovers of the solitary woods, and the freshness of the groves and cool grottos; at one time stretched on a bed of moss and verdant leaves, in the midst of a tufted grove, drinking out of cups, ornamented

with ivy, sparkling and delicious wine; tasting it with voluptuousness, and pressing eagerly his lips to collect the intoxicating juice; at another, stammering with difficulty amorous songs, and dancing with heavy and faltering steps to the sound of the sistrum and tabor, on the borders of Arcadia's sacred fountains, under the shade of its ancient forests.

Impatient to form sounds more noble, and more worthy of the powerful God who inspired my soul, I tuned my harp to more elevated notes, and sung in majestic strains him, whose nod shakes heaven and hell; the great Jupiter, darting with a flaming hand, his thunder upon the Titans, those impious sons of the earth, and crushing them beneath the weight of those mountains they had foolishly piled on one another to besiege, even on his throne, the father of Gods and men.

I have sung the triumph of the Lapithæ, conquerors of the Centaurs; the death of the black Cyclops, hurled by Apollo into the caverns of Etna; the heroic valor of the fierce children of

Mars, the horrors of battle, and the lasting desolation with which the just Gods always punish the crime of war.

I have not forgotten thee, valiant Ajax; nor thee, indefatigable Hercules, who didst free the world from the robbers and monsters with which it was infested. I have described thee smothering in thy nervous arms, the giant Antæus. Here, breaking the chain of the bold son of Iapetus, fastened by Mercury to the rocks of Caucasus, tearing him from the bloody talons of the cruel vulture, that preyed on his entrails: there, by a blow of thy enormous club, killing the terrible dragon that guarded the golden apples of the garden of Hesperides. In a word as intrepid on mount Ceta in the midst of flames, as when conqueror of the seven dreadful heads of the Lernean Hydra, thou didst tinge thy arrows with its venomous blood.

Noble enemy of Troy, thou who didst water the tomb of Patroclus with bitter tears, I have sung thy glorious exploits, thy fiery transports. I have described thee, driving thy coursers, covered with blood and and foam, dragging at full speed around

the walls of Ilion, through clouds of dust, the mangled corse of the unhappy Hector.

I have also described the gloomy empire of the dead, those dark and desolate regions, where, like the leaves, which, in the decline of autumn, fall in heaps from the branches, and fly in the air, the pale ghosts, the plaintive shades, incessantly wander and groan, without the hope of repassing the greedy Acheron.

O day! O ravishing light! these unhappy ghosts will never more behold thee! Enchanting spectacle of the heavens, ye newborn beauties of nature which adorn the spring, never more will they contemplate you. Alas! all is over; the heavens no longer exist for them; to them the whole universe is annihilated. In vain they implore the clemency of the Gods; the Gods are deaf to their lamentations. In vain they seek to quit the shades: the dreadful Styx, nine times encircling them, prevents their passage. The merciless Cerberus every where presents his three barking mouths, which continually emit torrents of smoke and fire. Inexorable fate chains them in eternal night, with

Tantalus and the miserable Danaids, and plunges them to the bottom of Tartarus, where Phlegethon every moment redoubles their terror and despair by the deep bellowing of its dreadful waves.

Now the hundred tongues of fame resound from pole to pole the melodious sounds of my lyre; the precipitate course of ages will but increase the celebrity of my name. I shall not then perish.—More durable than the empires and magnificent palaces of kings, my sublime songs will live for ever; the delighted world repeats them, and admires their harmony and beauty.

O my soul, if ever thou wert animated by a holy phrensy, if ever thou wert inflamed by a glowing enthusiasm, by a divine intoxication; if the supreme intelligence ever revealed to thee his marvellous secrets; speak now his immortal language, follow boldly the way marked out to thee, and be not terrified by the tragical end of Phæton, who, from the source of light, fell into the waves of Eridanus.

Fly to the regions of thunder; transported by a noble love of glory, rush towards the sparkling

vault of heaven; penetrate even the rosy palace of Aurora; raise thyself upon the rapid wings of brilliant poesy, above the genius of weak mortals, and paint in characters of fire, the God of light.

Let my voice to day rule the waves of the ocean, struck by the trident of Neptune. O nature, O earth! listen; interrupt not my concerts. And you, woodland deities, be silent; or rather unite your enchanting music to the sounds of my lyre, and assist the harmony of my songs.

Great Jupiter, who reignest over the clouds, let thy thunder cease to roar; it has sufficiently agitated the air, sufficiently affrighted the earth.—Furrow not with thy burning thunder the azure of this clear sky; permit me to enjoy the serenity of this charming day. And thou God of the south wind and storms, break not, with thy destructive blast, this delicious calm which reigns throughout all nature: respect the presence of the God who inspires me. Apollo forbids thee to interrupt, with thy roarings, the sacred ejaculations of my soul.

Sustain rather, powerful God, sustain the ardor with which I burn, that impetuous phrensy that ravishes my senses: excite my boldness, increase this powerful delirium that agitates me. My heart glows—my sight wanders—all my senses are struck with horror. O Gods! what power violently agitates, and shakes my whole frame? A vortex of fire and lightning raises me to heaven. Let all the world listen to me. Dart on me thy fires, O God of day, it is thee I sing.

Dazzled by the splendour of his first rays, I contemplate him with respectful reverence; I admire him with religious dread: that vast ocean of light terrifies my mind, and already confounds my fearful thoughts.

O Sun, how dare I raise my eyes toward thee, how contemplate the resplendent fires of thy flaming orb? Thou art the only object which I behold in the world; thy fiery looks inflame all nature, and fill it with life and grandeur. It is thy powerful heat that caused the earth to come forth from the bosom of Chaos; its extremities bind

not thy course ; it is not extensive enough for thy rays.

Though I should cross the Atlantic with the rapidity of the bird of Jupiter ; though swifter than the north wind, I should transport myself from the cloudy summit of Mount Athos, to the remote climes, where the angry Tigris rolls impetuous his foaming floods ; though I should fly from the gates of the west to those of the east, from the burning sands of the south to the frozen shores of north ; though I should penetrate even to the utmost limits of the world, thou art always before me, and waitest for and enlightenest me at once, in all parts of the universe.

Sublime image of the Deity, like him thou seest, thou knowest all nations, and all countries of the earth ; the fertile fields of Hesperia, and the happy plains watered by the Ganges and Eurotas. Ithaca, where the wise Ulysses governed ; Pylos, where old Nestor reigned, ever eager to relate the glorious exploits of his life ; and Colchis, so celebrated for the expedition of the brave Argonauts, those intrepid heroes, who, to fetch the

golden fleece, dared the first, in a frail bark, to plough the watery deep, and defy angry Neptune.

Thou seest at one view Athens and Lacedæmon; Corinth and Mitylene; proud Tyre and haughty Babylon; Thebes with her hundred gates, and the hundred cities of Crete; the flowery valleys of Thessaly and the happy hills of Amathus; the myrtle groves of Idalia and Paphos. Thou lookest down on us from the height of the heavens, like the sovereign arbiter of our destinies. What do I say? Incomparable luminary am I mistaken? Oh if I were in error—if thou wert thyself the first, the supreme Deity—speak—and immediately I prostrate myself in thy presence and adore thee.

Fool that I am! what have I said? I hear his voice resound through the universe, publishing through all nature that he is not God—Thou art not God, O Father of day—Thou art then the most magnificent of his works—thou art the greatest gift of God. He never created any thing so beautiful, nothing so worthy the thanks of mortals.

Thou beholdest that sparkling luminary and tremblest, fierce monarch of the sky, noble bird, whose bold flight is swift as the wing of the south wind, as the arrows of Jupiter: thou, who in the height of thy pride, beholdest with disdain even man himself; thou viewest the Sun with astonishment, and, that thou mayest have a nearer view of his sparkling orb, thou soarest from the depth of the valley; to the highest rocks of mount Pelion.

I see thee carrying thy eaglets on thy rapid wings, shake them with violence, and balance them a long time, in the undulating fluid. Thou presentest them to the Sun: is it to prove if they are worthy of thee? or rather is it not to teach them that this magnificent luminary is the only object that should fix their daring looks?

Like a profound and majestic river whose waters flow always in the same abundance; or, like an inexhaustible volcano that incessantly pours forth rivers of fire, and vomits torrents of flame from its thundering caverns, infinite abyss of light; thou sheddest it, thou pourest it forth in redundant

streams, from the creation of time, without the least diminution.

Thou consumest not thyself, nor growest old, like every thing that exists, nor dost thou fall insensibly into dust, like the frail body of man.—Thou hast beheld the earth renovated a thousand times, its inhabitants change their masters, laws, manners, and languages; a thousand times hast thou seen nations at variance destroy one another; superb and opulent cities spring up in the midst of desarts, and sink again into obscurity; empires formed, grow great and formidable, decrease and become extinct, or rise to fall again; hostile kings dethrone one another; nations at first, like weak rivulets, soon, like swollen rivers, impetuous torrents, overflow and ravage the surface of the earth; all, at length, people and kings, after a little noise, fall, and disappear in the abyss of time, always open to swallow them.

Thou lightest then but the ruins of ancient empires, and the wrecks of vain grandeur. The whole world is to thee but a vast tomb, where the ashes of innumerable generations of monarchs and

subjects are so mingled and confounded, that the exploring hand cannot distinguish them, nor find any vestige of what has been; whilst thou alone, O Sun! O light of the world! thou alone, witness of these great objects, exists by thyself, immovable in the midst of these perpetual revolutions.

In vain I survey the whole earth to discover the magnificent monuments, which adoring nations have raised to thy glory; they are no more.—Temples, altars, pontifs, all are annihilated; the God still lives, and following his career, triumphs in the highest heavens over the waste of ages. Jealous time, chained to thy car, cannot extend his ravages to thee. Thou hast continued thy course with the same rapidity, from the beginning, through the immensity of the sky, and rollest thy resplendent orb through the long series of ages, which can neither stop nor weaken thy course.

Thy splendor, instead of diminishing, springs forth afresh, and increases with new vigor. The end of thy course seems still more brilliant than the beginning. Thy car plunging into the sea,

leaves after it in the sky long streaks of light, which extend to the regions of darkness.

At thy setting the sky is variegated with a thousand hues, of purple, gold, azure, and silver.—Thou quittest not the horizon until thou hast filled it with a deluge of that fire, which thou art going to lavish on other worlds. The source of thy rays, which give birth to the day, and vivify the stars of night, is inexhaustible.

Ye muddy swamps, ye impure lakes, haunts of a thousand horrid reptiles, images of hearts infected by the poison of the passions, your exhalations do not sully those pure rays : if they enlighten you, it is without corrupting themselves, and without the smallest diminution of their unchangeable beauty.

Sacred ornament of the heavens, I again hail thee ; receive to the end of time, the multiplied homage of innumerable beings that people the world. Shine, during the infinite succession of ages with the same splendor ; for ever enlighten the earth, the sea, and the heavens, and never return to the gulph of Chaos.

Marvellous luminary, king of the world, be immortal like the Deity. Thou art his celestial image : his essence and his glory are painted in characters of fire, in the splendor of thy dazzling globe. O how the sight of thee charms my soul, how it enlarges it by revealing to me its sublime original. Yes, I am the offspring of Deity ; I dare not doubt it, when I contemplate thee ; each of thy rays is a victorious proof of his existence, a lively spark of his greatness, and the lasting triumph of his superior power.

END OF CANTO I.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

CANTO II.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

CANTO II.



WHEN the mighty genius of the universe resolved to give birth to all beings; when with sovereign hand he broke down the immense vaults of Chaos and of night; when the rays of light pierced those deep caverns where darkness held his empire; O Sun, when thou first appeared in the celestial plains, shining in all thy splendor, the Gods themselves, the astonished Gods, dazzled by thy ravishing beauty, came in crowds from Olympus to view thee. Pluto and Proserpine leave the gloomy

banks of Acheron to see thee. Neptune arises from the dark abyss of waters, mounts hastily his car, and, followed by all the Deities of the ocean, and by the innumerable monsters nourished in its watery bosom, comes to admire thee with the heavens and the earth. -

O Sun, scarcely had sparkling Aurora opened the flaming doors of the east, when, like a proud conqueror impatient to signalize himself by new triumphs, thou raisest thy shining disk from the celestial vault ; suddenly thy course begins, thou displayest with grandeur thy ardent fires, and darrest them rapidly through the extended fields of air, and enlightenest at once all parts of the world. Already every thing glows with thy rays. The stars grow pale and disappear: pursued by the blaze of day, affrighted night takes wing, disappears, precipitates herself into the abyss of the sea, involving in her dark veil the God of silence, and of sleep. The fleeting dreams fly before thy car of rubies and diamonds, and slide into the bosom of the shades.

Thou gildest the mountains' lofty summits, and the majestic tops of haughty pines and oaks, neighbours of thunder. Thou shinest into the deepest vallies. Thy lively splendor awakes all the universe. A thousand birds flutter on the leafy sprays, from which they shake the pearly dew, and unite, in melodious chorus, to celebrate thy brightness.

Roused by these charming concerts, the king of nature, man, raises his noble countenance, that godlike front, made to contemplate the heavens, and command inferior beings. He awakes with delight, and leaves his couch, to admire thy rising and enjoy thy benefits.

The thunder also, whose redoubled claps, shook, during the night, the foundations of the earth; the dreadful thunderbolts, that were heard at the close of day, to rush with bellowing noise along that vast chain of mountains, and resound through the neighbouring vallies, rumble no more in the air. The sky was never more serene; nature never appeared more beautiful.

How pleasant on a fine morning, to gather in the meadows, flowers just opening to the Sun.— How delightful to respire an air embalmed by the sweetest perfumes, to behold the enamelled plain, whose tender and springing verdure gladdens the sight. Peaceful rivulet, I will follow the course of thy tranquil stream, that gently flows in meanders through these smiling plains, over which thou sheddest freshness and fecundity. Delightful walks, how you tranquillize my mind.

Here, bending over this clear bason, I behold the sports of the nimble inhabitants of the water. Excited by the warmth of the air, they swim, they dive; crossing each other's path with eagerness, they glide over one another a hundred times, without ever corrupting the purity of its waters.

There, I admire the beauty of the stately swan, who, proud of the whiteness of his plumage, clears and refines it in the rays of the Sun; extends his shining wings, and, sovereign of the stream, rides at pleasure on its surface, at one time yielding to the current of its waves, at another opposing it with haughty majesty.

There, I hear with rapture flocks of birds, saluting the return of spring, on the branches of the solitary poplar, which shades those happy banks. The jealous nightingale swells her flexible throat, and warbles forth her harmonious notes. Her rivals abashed, are silent; they seem to suspend their songs to listen to the melodious accents of the sylvan muse, to her varied notes, prolonged and uttered, with so much art in charming cadences.

Enchanting inhabitants of these lovely regions, who delight the pure mind by your concerts, and soften the pains of this transient life; alas! your songs, your joys will soon be at an end. Already the merciless fowler approaches you with slow and careful steps, and surveys with furtive eye that thorny bush, those hospitable branches, the thickness of whose foliage, seemed to afford you an impenetrable asylum. Insensible to your cries, already his inhuman fingers steal into your nest, and ravishing with a murderous hand your growing family, your feeble and trembling little ones, scarcely

fledged; and carries off the fruit of your tender loves.

Thus the heavens, witness of your happiness, the shady forests, the happy banks, that now resound with sweet music, will soon, alas! hear only your plaintive notes. Echo, which you entertain day and night, will soon hear only your griefs, and repeat to the mountains nothing but your lamentations.

The treacherous fish-hook has already sunk in the bosom of the water, obedient to the hand that guides it, it circles slowly through the crystal flood. Fly, hapless fishes, fly. Blind, you eagerly follow that deceitful bait, you dispute with one another to obtain it. Already it has disappeared, and now I behold you, struggling, follow the hand of the greedy fisherman, who with pleasure draws you to the shore, and beholds you palpitating at the extremity of his trembling line, which he holds suspended in the air; he raises you from those native nourishing waters, which you will never more behold.

Guests of our groves, and inhabitants of the water, your most formidable enemy is man; no element can guard you against his wiles and cruelty. The barbarian! ah! if he is so insatiable in his desire to shed blood, and so prodigal of it; if his only wish in this world is, to sway the sceptre of death, let him penetrate the deserts of burning Lybia; dwell in the caves of Mount Taurus; let him tear from their dens the roaring lions; let him pursue to the bottom of their dreadful haunts, serpents, leopards, bears and other monsters, his only enemies. There let him combat those impure reptiles, those terrible animals, less ferocious, perhaps, and less sanguinary than himself; let him slaughter them, let him water the earth with their blood, and glut himself with their venomous gore; but let him at least suffer the timid inhabitants of the air and the water to remain quiet in their different elements, where nature had placed them that they might escape his fury.

But what do I hear? What dreadful cries, what doleful sounds raise pity and sorrow in my throbbing breast? It is the shrill clarion of WAR;

the earth trembles, it is all on fire ; it is converted into a field of battle and of carnage. What a spectacle of horror ! I behold everywhere men, furious men, excited by the cruel Nemesis, armed against each other ; the steel glitters, and rivers of blood deluge the surface of the globe.

O merciless man ! O furious mortals ! What raging fever agitates you ? What infernal monster possesses you ? What implacable fury plucks from her bald head those dreadful vipers whose tongues distil poison, and dart flames of fire ? To irritate them yet more, she shakes them in her bloody hand, and throws them into your bosoms.

Unhappy mortals ! stop ! open your eyes, which the intoxication of hatred and the veil of revenge have blinded. See and tremble. Those beings, whom you wish to sacrifice, for whose blood you thirst, are men, they are your brethren. Foolish beings, do you inhabit the earth only to destroy each other ? Is the life which the Supreme has given you too long ? Or do you dread that the fatal sisters will let the destructive shears fall

from their hands, and cut too late the thread of your life.

Sacrilegious thirst of gold, these are thy wicked outrages ! these the crimes into which thou precipitatest miserable mortals ! It is thou, cursed ambition, who art continually sowing discord among the sons of men, and instilling into their souls the fire of war. It is thou who agitatest and tormentest them, as though they were under the vengeful discipline of the Furies.

O thou, who, in days that are past, didst recoil with dread, and robe thyself in profound darkness, to avoid the sight of the abominable banquet of Thyestes and Atreus, O Sun, withhold thy light from such a multitude of horrors, shine only on humane and generous kings, sufficiently instructed to perceive that their common interest is to love one another, sufficiently religious to consider WAR as the most dreadful presage of the wrath of heaven, and the most fatal plague that can desolate the earth.

Let the ever-sounding forges of Lipara and Lemnos fall, and crush under their ruins the indefatigable Vulcan and his monstrous Cyclops. Let

them perish, that we may no more behold them covered with sweat, their heads smoking, eyes sparkling with fire, and with naked arms raising the ponderous hammers, striking with mighty force on groaning anvils, the flaming steel; or melting the brass to form arrows and lances for the God of battles.

Alas! that cruel Deity has just deprived me of the friend of my youth, the depositary of my thoughts, the confident of my soul: he has torn him from me! woe is me! I have lost him! Who will restore him to me? When shall I again find such a sensible and virtuous mind; such ancient probity, and such incorruptible manners.

O dreadful stroke! O overwhelming grief! his father, whose love and hope he was, that unfortunate old man, will never see him more. His wife lately so happy and so much to be envied, now inconsolate and oppressed with woe; that wife whom he adored, will never more see the object of her affections. His children, one yet in the cradle, the other an orphan before its birth, will never call him by the endearing name of father. They

will never, at the sound of his voice, rush into his arms, to dispute his tender caresses. They are undone!—he is no more! he to whom the fates should have been more propitious. He is no more.—The Sun will no more shine for him. If the plaintive shades of the unhappy victims of war be still sensible to the groans of afflicted friendship, young hero, thou wilt be affected by my lamentations, and by the tears which flow over thy ashes.

Accursed WAR, sink to the bottom of the infernal gulph; avaunt! thou belongest only to tigers and lions. Destruction then, destruction be on the head of that impious mortal, who, urged by a sanguinary thirst of conquest, shall dare to open the gates of the temple of Mars, and awaking the fury of discord, slumbering in the midst of surrounding serpents, shake the flaming torch, and cry “to arms.”

Listen, O kings, you are doubtless the sons of great Jupiter; his thunder is in your hands; but as soon as you cease to represent him by your

D

goodness, that eternal ruler of kings will immediately break your sceptre, hurl you from his presence, and disregard your empire.

Oh ! how superior is a peaceful, humble monarch to those destructive conquerors, who, from the summit of their thrones command only murder, and breathe nothing but carnage.

Daughter of heaven, amiable PEACE, descend to the earth ; captivate the hearts of all the sovereigns of the world, that they may promote the happiness of mankind ; and let the demon of battles never extinguish the incense which they will offer on thy altars.

But thou, who art chilled with horror at the murderous sound of the warlike trumpet, thou, who preferest a simple crown of ivy to the bloody laurels of Bellona and Mars, resume thy rural pipe, and prepare to modulate new airs to the praise of the brilliant luminary of heaven.

END OF CANTO II.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

CANTO III.

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THE winter has at length retired into its deep caverns. The impetuous winds bellow no more, they are chained in their subterranean cells. The north wind no longer desolates the fields, no longer are the snow and hoar frosts driven through the darkened air by the violence of its blast. We no more hear the hail hurried by a dreadful storm, resounding on our shattered roofs; nor do the melancholy Hyades pour their inexhaustible urn on the orchards of Pomona.

All nature revives. The long captivated fountains have renewed their gentle courses; the stormy rains no more corrupt their purity. Already the flowers peep above the surface; their springing buds rise on their tender stalks; they swell and open their fragrant bosoms. The trees, stripped of their withered leaves, are decked with new verdure; their arching boughs begin to offer a cool shade to the traveller.

Benumbed all the winter by the severity of the cold, the serpent comes forth from the cavities of old ruins covered with moss, where, coiled in various folds he had been buried. From his eyes flash fire; hissing he rears his venomous head, and darting his triple sting, drags on the grassy turf the undulating folds of his scaly body.

The bees hum around the fragrant bushes, and cause the new clothed field to resound with their noise. They fly about at pleasure from the shrubs to the flowery thyme, plunge into the bright chalice of the rose, and gather on the leaves of the acanthus and strawberry, honey as sweet as that of Mount Hymettus.

The flocks bound on the springing herbage, we behold with delight the kind ewes, suckle their tender lambs, and feeding in the meadows; whilst the vagrant she-goat roams at a distance, and climbs the mountains to browse the thorny briar and flowery eglantine.

The shepherds who extricated the confined spark from the flint, and burned the knotty trunk of an old maple, now sport in the vallies, and form new symphonies, O Sun it is thy aspect which enchants and inspires them with the most pleasing sensations; thou causest their countenances to discover the artless joy of their hearts.

Mounted on neighing coursers, whose impetuous prancings cannot be repressed by the bridle, and who inspire terror by the boldness of their looks and the fire that issues from their wide nostrils, the hunters at the dawn of day, cause the hills and the forests to resound with the warlike noise of the horn. These eagerly rouse the timorous roebuck, who vainly flies from death: those, by their cries urge the opening hounds to

attack a horrible wild boar, who, notwithstanding the boiling blood which streams from his deep wounds, with erected bristles, mouth open and inflamed, arrests their career, and causes them to retire with dread, piercing with his long tusks the most daring, which he tosses in the air, bloody and mangled.

Disappear before the torch of heaven, ye dark mists, ye inauspicious vapors and black frosts, which plunge the universe in a dismal lethargy ; disappear, conceal no more from our view the pleasing spectacle of those towering mountains, that rear their heads to the clouds in form of an amphitheatre, and sustain from the beginning of the world, the immense vault of heaven. Suffer us to contemplate their majestic summits, covered with enormous sheets of ice, glistening with the rays of the Sun, which they reflect on the distant plains, with dazzling lustre.

Thy looks divine star, thy powerful looks dissipate the clouds. Thou raisest thyself suddenly from the bosom of the waters, clothed in fire, and instantly, the vast extent of sea appears covered

with undulatory flames. Thou cleavest the air, and rendest in thy luminous course, the dark shades which cover the earth. O prodigy ! thou awakest her from the profound sleep in which she is involved ; she comes forth from her ruins and smiles at thy appearance ; thou embellishes her with all the graces of the spring, thou pourest profusely into her amorous bosom the essence of flowers, and the seed of fruits. Thy animating fires penetrate her bowels, and form there the purest gold, and those magnificent stones that dazzle with thy sparkling rays, and superb diamonds which adorn the majestic front of kings.

O father of fruitfulness, with what excellent profusion thou lavishest it on the whole world ! spouse of nature, thou kindlest in her bosom the sacred flames of all-preserving love. Those conjugal flames circulate rapidly in that immense body, and immediately the earth and the heavens, deluged by a flood of fire, are peopled with new inhabitants. Every thing is animated, every thing lives, every thing breathes : in the fields of air, upon the summits of high mountains, in the depths

of forests, and even in the bosom of the mighty deep; thy fires O God of day! thy paternal fires give existence to innumerable generations, who will transmit it faithfully during the long succession of unborn ages.

In vain inexorable death precipitates daily to the shades so many thousand victims! impotent fury! Thou always bafflest the expectation of his insatiable scythe. Nothing perishes, every thing springs anew, the wonders of creation are perpetuated, and from one end of the universe to the other, I behold the stream of life overturn the the mounds which death opposes to its course, swallow up his tombs, and flow in triumph in the midst of the wrecks of ages, and the ravages of destruction.

Conqueror of death, thou commandest time, thou saidst to him at the beginning; " moderate thy too rapid flight, and follow the course of the Sun. Let thy circle be divided into days, let the spring and summer, autumn and winter, divide the twelve months of the year; I will that each season vary the pleasures of man, and roll on

successively to augment his happiness and multiply his enjoyments."

Star of life, these are thy great benefits. Ah ! may man never cease to celebrate these ever new blessings ; and if his heart should ever let the remembrance of them slip, let this wonderful order, this constant harmony that reigns in the universe, recal to him thy power and glory. The Deity has submitted to thee the elements ; thou animatest them, thou preservest them ; all feel thy tutelary influence and acknowledge thy power.

When the thunderbolt of 'Jupiter, strikes furiously the summits of the Acroceraunian mountains, and covers them with fire and smoke ; when the sea, irritated by Eolus, roars horribly and vomits from its boiling entrails, those dreadful tempests, which convulse heaven and earth, and threaten destruction to universal nature ; when the ships driven by the foaming surge, are buried in the vast abyss, and the terrified sailors expect immediate death ; when Neptune wielding his trident is unable to appease the turbulent waves ; if thy brilliant face

appear above the clouds; and dart his consoling rays from the high arch of heaven, Eurus and black Boreas suddenly flee, the storm disappears, and the young Alcyons skim joyfully over the tranquil surface.

Escaped from shipwreck, the pilot sees with transport a fresh breeze gently stir the extended sails, and his vessel ploughs in peace the waves whitened with foam. Then, on bended knees, adoring the great star which presides over navigation, he raises his pious hands toward its propitious fires, and sheds on the prow, crowned with garlands, the blood of victims adorned with golden fillets, amidst a cloud of incense that ascends to heaven.

I hear thee invoke that beneficent star, happy old man, thou whom a life of near a century, a life as pure as the clear stream, renders venerable to mortals: I hear thee; thou invokest and blestest it with delight, when, on the evening of a fine day, thou returnest with heavy steps from the distant fields, long cultivated by thy hands, following with fond eye thy children's children.

Some of them loaded with the treasures of Pomona, smiling, seize thy hand and fill it with fruit; they point out to thee a bird's nest which they have discovered in the thick bush, and which, to please them, thou feignest also to see. Others clinging to thy neck, lavish on thee their kisses. Others drive before thee thy numerous flocks, which bleating descend that verdant hill; they invite thee to caress their watchful dog, who has rescued one of their best sheep from the bloody jaws of a famished wolf.

These count the young lambs, and rejoice in having brought them back to the fold without any diminution of their number: those, mounted on a sluggish ass which in vain they urge forward, his tardy step cannot be quickened by the pointed spur, tune the pipe they have cut, and sing rustic songs, which they are delighted to hear repeated a hundred times by the echos of the neighbouring mountains.

Immortal Gods, thus you reward simple virtue. The happy shades of Elysium enjoy not a purer felicity, nor delights more perfect. Venerable old

man, thou hast already seen ninety harvests, yet thy life has been a perpetual spring. The source of happiness is in thy heart, and that happiness is the price of virtue.

Hero of humanity, thou at length approachest thy cottage, seen at a distance, smoking, through those limes and tufted fig-trees which partly intercepted its view. There a frugal repast awaits thee. Go, seat thyself in the midst of thy family, and partake with them of that fresh bread, those fruits, and sweet milk, prepared by the hand of innocence. Go, renovate thy powers in the arms of tranquil sleep, and reanimate that vigor which, neither the hoary hairs of time, nor the iron hand of decrepid old age, could enervate. Already thy eyelids are closed, thy weary hands fall down, thy head nods, and becomes imperceptibly heavier; thou sleepest in peace, until the rising of the star of day calls thee again to thy labors.

What desires, what wishes canst thou form?—Thy fields are covered with golden harvests, thy vines crowned with foliage and with grapes, thy trees loaded with odoriferous fruits, and thy flocks

numerous and fruitful. The smiling verdure of thy meadows, those pure fountains which continually water them, every thing favors, every thing anticipates thy wishes. Listen to the murmur of that rivulet, see, reflected in the azure of its limpid waters, the lustre of the stars, reproduced and multiplied on its undulating surface. Hear the song of those nightingales, who express with softest harmony their innocent loves;—those zephyrs that whisper in the branches of that ancient oak, gently agitating its leaves.

Behold those legions of stars, unobscured by clouds—the moon that silently rolls her silver car through a clear and brilliant sky. See how the soft dew moistens those lowly shrubs and waving willows; how it whitens those extensive meadows; how it gleams with the splendor of the most lively colors, falling on that green, and those flowers which enamel the plain; how it bestrews with sparkling pearls the dwarf elder, the wild thyme, the marjoram, and the amaranth.

Behold those fauns that abandon their grottos, those satyrs that come from the hollow of the

old maples, round which the rustic ivy twines.—
See those fearful dryades trip after one another
across the thick forests, which they penetrate in
order to hide themselves: behold them hand in
hand, sport on the grass, which scarcely bend
under their feet, dancing to the sound of the flute
under the extended shade of the tall poplars—
Happy mortal! every thing promises whatever
thy heart may desire on the morrow: the Gods
themselves delight to crown thy wishes. Twi-
light already appears, the horizon glows, the Sun
will rise with more than usual splendor.

Thus in my songs inspired by nature, I have at
once celebrated the munificence of the great lu-
minary of the universe, and the happiness of a
rural life. I had scarcely entered on my ninth
lustre, when Death, darting suddenly from the
abyss of Erebus, appeared to me, pale, hideous,
and terrible, raising over me his murderous
scythe.

Alas! in the bosom of pain, in sight of the
frightful tomb, inaccessible to all-cheering hope,
and almost at the moment of closing my eyes

for ever, it was not you that caused my tears to flow, chimeras of fortune, phantoms of glory and of pride, as vain as the weak mortals who pursue you ; deceitful grandeur, more fleeting than a shadow ; it was not the love of you, nor the hope of possessing you on a future day, that gave birth to my sighs.

O Sun, who enlightenest the world by thy pure and brilliant fires ; affecting spectacle of the country which has always charmed me ; sprouting foliage which I loved so much ; towering rocks, which brave the tempest and the foaming waves ; cavernous mountains, ancient asylum of the daughters of night ; sombre forests, that fill my melancholy mind with religious dread ; extended walks, in which the God of silence reposes ; solitary groves, where I heard the cooing turtle and the lonely dove bemoan their widowhood ; happy lilacs, that lately covered me with the shade of your branches, bending under the weight of your tufted flowers ; bowers of jessamine and roses, where the murmuring brook falling from

the brow of the hill, glides in a silver stream across the meadows, causing a delightful freshness; agreeable bower to which I have often repaired to breathe peace and innocence, and which I never quitted without lamenting the rapid course of time; and you fertile fields, through which I roved with ever new delight, you that borrow from the luminary I sing your most pleasing lustre; objects of my tender concern, alas! my dying eyes were turned only toward you.

I said to the father of light, O thou whom I have never contemplated but with a profound reverence; light of the universe, creative star! shortly I shall behold thee no more! Delightful hill washed by the peaceful Loire, Olivet, habitation fit for the Gods themselves, if, better known to our kings, they had embellished thy natural beauties with some of the wonders of art vainly lavished on Versailles. O thou most charming spot on the earth, receive my last adieu. Amiable solitude, where the philosopher tastes in peace the fruits of his wisdom and the pleasures of reason,

happy retreat, where I lived unknown to envy, I shall soon behold thee no more.

I shall no more see that sage whom the empoisoned air of courts never infected, and who, without ambition, without intrigue, arrived at the height of honors, lives now far from the throne with faithful friendship, simple as virtue and beneficent as the Gods. Those flowery greens that surround his charming dwelling, those woods in which I wandered with pleasure, those groves where he often consoled my mind, I must leave them all.

And thou magnificent Loire, whose beneficent waves roll majestically under a sky always serene, I shall no more walk on thy beloved banks, forgetting unhappy mortals and the cares of this life, to admire those rich prospects and graceful landscapes, which the mirror of thy waters reproduces and perpetuates along thy stream. Alas! I have seen for the last time, those fruitful banks, embalmed in the spring with flowers, and bordered by pleasant vineyards, which, at a distance, render the horizon smiling and more delightful.

Thus I spoke, my eyes bathed in tears, and breathing with difficulty; I spoke, and with plaintive voice conjured the fates to prolong my days, when a consoling spirit, doubtless it was some Deity, descended from the celestial regions, arrayed in light, and diffusing a divine ambrosial odor. He approached the bed of affliction, and repeated aloud these words, which will be ever present to my memory :

“ Lover of nature, come from the shades of death, arise, walk, fly to that wonderful fountain, which Neptune one day by a stroke of his trident caused to spring from the bowels of the earth, and whose azure wave, suddenly formed that superb canal, which flows between two green meadows by the side of that happy hill ; there tune again thy lyre, invoke the rural Deities, and the guardian genius of these flowery banks, and celebrate again the Sun and virtue.

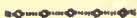
END OF CANTO III.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

CANTO IV.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

CANTO IV.



STOP, father of day, stop thy resplendent car in the midst of thy course. While the shepherds fatigued with the harsh noise of the grasshopper, repose under the shade of the ash, near their flocks sleeping on the grass; while a glowing heat rages in the air, and extends its influence over the parched fields, stop thy glorious career, and from the height of that flaming vault, where thou triumphest over the whole world, contemplate thy majesty.

tic beauty. Incapable of describing thee, I intreat thee to view thyself.

Contemplate thyself, king of the heavens, survey that fiery plain, run over all regions, the eastern and western climes : speak to nature, interrogate all the elements, and see if there be any object worthy to be compared to thee.

Innumerable lights which adorn the firmament, glittering stars, that in the midst of the silent night, occupy the immensity of the heavens, and fill them with glory, do you equal the Sun in beauty? do you surpass him in magnificence? Luminous spheres, incessantly rolling round his flaming orb, planets, suspended and balanced in the air, speak ; and you flaming comets, which still strike terror to the hearts of weak mortals, say, what powerful God kindles and preserves the radiant fires with which you sparkle.

Fertile plains that compose the vast empire of Ceres, when the early labourer, directing his plough, pricks with his goad two young bulls newly subjected to, and still impatient of the yoke, with heads bending down, bellow forth resistance,

and fiercely present their threatening horns ; when, bending over the ploughshare, he forces it to open the bosom of the earth ; when he sows his fields under a beneficent constellation, what propitious luminary warms the furrows, and causes the grain, which a liberal hand had scattered there, to germinate and spring ? Who causes it to ripen, who gilds these annual harvests which constitute thy choicest ornaments ?

Speak, gay flowers, speak ; who gave you that bright enamel, that charming splendor ? Who has displayed your colors so beautifully ? Who has shaded you with so much art and variety ?— Daughter of the Zephyrs, darling of the Sun and of spring, amiable queen of our gardens, charming rose, who gave you that sweet odor, which we respire with delight ?

And you, tender violets, who lavishes on you that delicious perfume which your bosoms exhale ? And you, precious fruits, say, who gives you that flavor, that taste, that heavenly substance, which equals in excellence nectar and ambrosia, the delightful food of the celestial inhabitants of Olympus ;

Is it not the Sun? Ye flowers of the spring, ye treasures of the summer, ye sweet fruits of autumn, ye are all his works, and the magnificent presents with which that vivifying luminary enriches the earth.

Guilty mortals, profane hearts, earthly souls, always sullied by crimes, the Sun abhors you; your crimes cause him to grow pale and recoil with horror; never dare to lift your sacrilegious eyes toward him. The enemies of great Jupiter deserve not to enjoy the sight of that beautiful luminary; no, the impious are not worthy to admire it.

Behold that storm gathering with a dreadful noise, at the verge of the horizon; those whirlwinds that rise on the distant plain, and raise into the air a heap of withered leaves, dry stubble, and dust; those timid birds which fly from danger with uncertain wing to discover a shelter, but from which the impetuosity of the wind seems to force them; those children, who, trembling run under that walnut tree, and hide themselves in the midst of that thicket; that feeble old man bending

under the weight of years, who, assailed in the wide field, by the hail and rain, shivering, hastens his weary steps to reach once more his homely cottage; those terrified shepherdesses who rend the air with their piercing cries, and bring back in haste their sheep to the hamlet; those ravenous wolves, howling with fear as they force their way into their dens covered with briars; and the unlucky crow, perched on the trunk of an old chestnut tree, struck by the thunder, which croaks and forebodes nothing but misfortunes.

Behold those black torrents that rush violently from the mountain tops, on the steep rocks and rebounding fall again, and furiously precipitate themselves across the plains which they ravage in their course; those pale lights which streak the vault of heaven; those transient fires that succeed each other and are soon extinguished; those thunder clouds that strike against and break one another, and fill the world with lightnings flashing from their opening sides; that dark and dreadful cloud, which at the close of a scorching day, extends its dismal wings from east to west, and is

driven by the roaring north wind through the troubled air; ye impious! what a dreadful spectacle for you!

Do you hear the roaring of the thunder between the tufted trees, which mingle its redoubled claps with the harsh rustling of their trembling branches; the impetuous blast of the hurricane confounded with the roaring of the sea; the sonorous voice of the tempest which shakes heaven and earth? It is my voice, says the Sun, these are my cries; I am the thundering God. The germs of lightning are formed in my burning sides, it is I who kindle the thunderbolt, it is I who send it to destroy the cowardly enemies of heaven, to avenge virtue, and to purge the earth of the execrable monsters that despise the Gods, and blaspheme their holy name.

But you, wise mortals, beloved of the Gods, you, who fear them, who offer to them acceptable sacrifices, enjoy their gifts, rejoice in the splendor of a fine day, heaven ordained it for you. Nature produced that lofty palm tree to cover you with the extended shade of its foliage, from the scorch-

ing heat of noon-day. The delicious clusters of the amorous vine, that clings around the young elms; and the rich fruits that perfume those orchards, ripen for you. The crystal fountains flow over that golden sand to appease your thirst, and refresh the air you respire.

It is to charm your eyes that the valley is filled with flowers; those roses blow for you; the birds form harmonious concerts to captivate your senses; that grotto was scooped out of the rock to afford you a shelter from the storm.

The rivulet of living water tranquilly meanders across the plain, and returns to its source to fill your soul with delight and admiration. Enjoy the magnificent prospect of that delightful landscape. Nature embellished it for you. Rejoice in the brightness of the heavens, in the rays of the Sun, he shines to bless virtue.

You who are his image, and who show to weak mortals the wisdom of the Deity, august old man, whose countenance always discovers the peace and serenity of your mind; O my father! why cannot I, for the honor of humanity, consecrate to every

age the memory of your sublime virtues with that of my own tenderness? Alas! far from me you end your days, you have almost reached your ninetieth year! O when shall I enjoy your sweet embraces? When shall I clasp you with transport in my arms, bathe with delicious tears your venerable face, press between mine, and kiss a thousand times those paternal hands which have served your country with so much honor?

O Sun, if my songs are worthy of thee, if I have painted thee in no common colors, hear the prayer of filial piety. God of light, precipitate thy course to hasten the desired moment when I shall again see the author of my being! O how I sigh for a moment so full of delight! Celestial powers, from the height of Olympus, watch over his precious days, prolong for my happiness, a life so pure and worthy your regards. Preserve what is dearest to me in the world, the most tender father, the most faithful friend! may I see him once more, and pour my soul into his bosom! No, there is not under the Sun a more virtuous mortal, a more feeling a more exalted mind.

Alas! if the sages with whom I pass a tranquil life, will one day honor with their tears my mournful funeral; if my memory is dear to them; if, after having committed my body to the dust, disconsolate and weeping, they engrave on my homely tomb these affecting words: "He was meek, simple in his manners, filled with the fear of the Gods; exempt from envy and ambition, he lived but for truth, beneficence and friendship." Oh, my friends, if the Deity give me to merit so flattering an eulogy, if he has reserved to me on earth a pure glory like this, I own, the desires of my soul extend no further. I have no other favor to ask of the almighty, but to reunite us hereafter in the happy Elysium, under those ever flourishing bowers, where the just men of every nation, seated on the verdant turf, on the bank of the crystal stream, draw new delights from an inexhaustible source.

Spring of life, smiling youth, when the flowers with which you now adorn my head shall be faded; when the fire of sentiment and of genius that inflames my soul shall be quenched by the chilling

frosts of age ; O inexorable old age ! when thy cold hand shall have furrowed my face, and bent beneath its strokes my heavy body ; ye beautiful trees which I planted, whose growth I have beheld, when I shall come in an affecting manner, to ask with a languid voice one of your branches to support my weary arms, and tottering steps ; then, abandoned by the whole world, miserable outcast of humanity, all my resource, alas ! all my happiness will be to fix my eyes upon thee, O Sun, O kind comforter, their most pleasing spectacle and their last friend.

I will come every morning with trembling steps, praising the Deity, seat myself before thee, and present to thee my hoary locks ; I will come to reanimate the weak sparks of life, and the frozen fountain of my blood, with the beneficent fire of thy rays ; and when at the close of day, falling under the scythe of death, I perceive the last breath of life wandering in my dying mouth, and quitting my pale lips, my arms will still extend toward thee, and then my only desire of heaven

shall be, that I may not breathe my last sigh until all thy rays disappear from the verge of the horizon.

END OF THE LAST CANTO.



CREATION.

CANTO I.

CREATION.



CANTO I.

WHAT disquietude, what delirium, seizes my soul ? what sacred flamespreads itself in my veins ? The earth, the seas, disappear from my sight ; on adventurous wing I raise myself above the clouds and rush into the sanctuary of Deity. .

O ye governors of empires, and ye who obey ; kings, people, listen attentively to the sound of my voice ; organ of the supreme being, I am going to declare the wonders of his power, goodness, and justice. God, the universe, man, these are the

great objects which my new songs embrace. Never has genius celebrated higher wonders, nor subjects more fit to immortalize itself.

Sublime praises of the Most High, you shall bound my concerts; and my lyre hereafter mute, that lyre whose sounds I have never profaned, from henceforth shall be suspended in the temple of the Divinity, as a solemn witness of my religious sentiments.

Let the earth with silent transports hear my last harmonious strains; let them resound through the universe, even to the dark regions where the dead repose in the quiet tomb.

Inhabitants of the celestial regions, partake with me the holy transports of my enthusiasm; and ye who cover the throne of God, with your flaming wings, cherubim, burning with love, carry to the footstool of the Eternal this hymn consecrated to his glory.

Celestial wisdom, thou who in days of old, didst inspire the immortal songs of the Hebrew legislator, thou who didst sustain him, in the midst of lightnings, on Horeb's smoking top, when the

thundering Deity revealed himself to him and gave the holy law. Raise my soul to the height of my subject, kindle my genius, as Nehemiah suddenly rekindled the sacred fire by presenting the moist ashes to the burning rays of the sun.

I despise the common roads so much frequented by the vulgar; conduct me to glory by new paths. Under thy happy auspices, let ancient poetry rise to new life in my songs and appear in them clothed with all its dignity. Celestial truth let me follow the light of thy torch.

Truth hears, she appears to me crowned with rays of dazzling fire. A sacred intoxication seizes me; I feel the presence of the Divinity. It is no more the voice of a mortal, it is the voice of God himself; it is he who is about to reveal the prodigies buried in the profound night of time.

Nothing yet existed! neither heaven, earth, nor man; all was plunged in the abyss of night.

Free, independent, eternal, sovereignly happy from the sense of his own omnipotence, and his

infinite perfections, he who is from himself, who possesses the source of life and being, God—God alone existed in the plenitude of his happiness, and the secret of his eternity.

The moment, marked out in the depth of the divine decrees, is at last arrived, the Supreme is going to manifest himself, and to create beings capable of adoring him.

O Jehovah, O God, exist no longer for thyself alone; come forth of thy silence, from thy repose; display at once thy wisdom and thy power: let the splendid wonders, the order and perfection of thy works, their grandeur and their pomp, for ever declare thy existence and thy glory.

He speaks, matter is created, nature comes forth from chaos, the elements are in motion, are poised in space; the Eternal speaks: "Let light be," light appears, the first day shines, time begins, and nothing is no more.

Fly, creator spirit, fly over the great abyss: go to its utmost bounds. Let the land arise above the immense mass of roaring waves: chain the

waters within bounds they cannot pass, and render them fruitful under thy wings of fire.

Brilliant azure of the heavens, be extended over all nature, like a rich pavillion, envelope the whole universe, and form its sparkling robe.

And you, magnificent globes, which embellish these heavens and fill them with your fires; ye planets suspended in the air; thou father of light, dazzling sun; ye twinkling stars, which dart your rays into the bosom of dark night, from a height the eye can hardly reach; systems, worlds innumerable, occupy the unlimited deserts of space; incessantly attract and operate on one another to infinite distances; and, without ever injuring yourselves in your revolutions, or striking against wandering comets, roll harmoniously through the immensity of the heavens, faithful to order, and to the invariable motion which the hand of omnipotence has impressed upon you.

O who will remove the thick veil from my feeble eyes! What rapid whirlwind, what fiery chariot will convey me to the higher regions, where

our globe would appear like an atom, a point in the universe?

Who will transport me to the highest of the fixed stars, that at one view I might embrace all these magnificent wonders, this prodigious multitude of celestial bodies, these living spheres, those fiery orbs, which roll on with so much magnificence, in obedience to the supreme will, and incessantly proclaim his glory?

Innumerable stars which render the heavens resplendent, inexhaustible sources of light, say, are you not so many suns, enlightening and giving life to new worlds? Do you not animate an infinite number of systems still more wonderful in beauty, excellence and grandeur than that which we inhabit?

Ah! who dares affirm the contrary? Did the great author of all things call us to the creation of the world? Has his providence revealed to us his sublime designs: Have we assisted his counsels, to confine his universal beneficence to our will?

Weak mortals who wish to limit the glory and sovereign dominion of the great uncreated, speak, where were ye when the eternal separated the elements, formed the earth and moulded it into a globe, when he weighed it and fixed it upon its foundations. when he displayed the gold and azure of the heavens, tamed the pride of the sea, and set bounds to its raging waves; when he created the terrible meteors, the hail, the lightening, the thunderbolt and the winds, the constellations of Ursa and Orion, the Hyades and those that gild the southern pole?

Where were you when his hand placed the globe of the sun in the firmament, and raised in the midst of this deluge of rays and fire, his immoveable throne? Where were you when he caused the north pole to repose over the void, and suspended the universe upon nothing? Rash mortals! and would you prescribe bounds to his munificence?

Learn then frail man to respect the infinite being: adore with trembling his profound wisdom;

bow down thy lofty front, and, falling at his feet, render homage to the prodigies of his power.

Planets, which contain whatever is essential to life, fertile fields, lakes, rivers, fountains, vallies, forests, and deep seas filled with islands and rocks, are ye not inhabited by superior intelligences, by beings more fortunate, and, alas! wiser than ourselves?

Inhabitants of other worlds, if inhabitants there be, perhaps these swarms of misfortunes which assail our miserable life, are unknown to you: the most cruel, the most dreadful of all, inexorable death armed with his ever bloody scythe, perhaps, has never caused your tears to flow, by smiting the dear objects of your love...

If you exist, doubtless the fear of dying, the dread of abandoning for ever your pleasant friends, your rural retreats, and the trees you have planted, do not imbitter your days: time does not imprint on your forehead his irreparable injuries: ages roll without carrying you along in their rapid courses, you live without suffering, without grow-

ing old. Your hearts are pure, and nothing alloys your peaceful and constant pleasures.

Bright satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, make up by your brightness the great distance of the sun, enlighten every part of these planets, incessantly visit their polar regions, carry thither life in your rays, and snatch them from frightful desolation, from the obscurity into which, without you, they would be plunged.

Space, which contains the heavenly bodies, who will tell me where thy extent begins, and who will point out to me its limits? Who will show me thy force and weight, ocean without a shore, air, which sustains these enormous masses, immense fluid, in which swim these innumerable globes?

But who has created so many wonders? and what supreme agent preserves them? It is not thou, blind fatality, absurd chance, thou miserable God of fools, no; it is not thee. The divine Intelligence, which shines with so much splendor in the creation of the worlds, the legible seal which he has impressed upon entire nature,

discovers to reason, the true, the only master of the universe, and renders him visible to every eye.

O God, hurl thy thunder on those impious men who wish to carry off from thee the sun and glory of the heavens, to precipitate thee from thy throne, and to annihilate the titles of thy existence, in ascribing thy magnificent works to the eternal energy of matter.

The earth swallowed up in its abyss mortals less sacrilegious; doubtless those murmuring Hebrews were less guilty, against whom heaven in wrath raised up horrible serpents, whose bite, like the flame that devours the chaff, destroyed them instantly.

Let atheism perish, that execrable enemy of the Deity, that monster sprung from the corruption of the heart! Let its name be no more pronounced on the earth, let its blasphemies be stifled, and, loaded with imprecations, let it disappear for ever from the universe.

END OF CANTO I.

CREATION.

CANTO II.



CREATION.



CANTO II.

I DESCEND from the ethereal vault, and contemplate the earth. How superb its adorning!—What riches, what wonders it presents to my view! Every thing here is grand. Every thing here is worthy the creator; his goodness, like his glory, shines here even in the smallest objects.

It is no longer the barren chaos, the immense, frightful empire of darkness and sterility; it is no more the unformed mass of weak matter, where all the elements confounded together existed

without energy. Disorder, night, and silence, fled from the presence of the Eternal. His powerful word peopled the air, the earth, and the seas.—Every thing is arranged, every thing is animated, all respire under his sovereign hand; every where reign variety, motion, life, fruitfulness, and beauty; and every where I behold the impress of that providence, of that ineffable wisdom, which is lavish in the production of wonders and treasures.

There, are the meadows enamelled with flowers which exhale the choicest perfumes—immense plains, hills covered with trees of every kind loaded with delicious fruits. The earth like a tender mother, bears them all in her bosom, and gives to them all, that nourishment which is suited to them.

Here, grow the flowering shrubs, useful plants, and beneficent vegetables, which are perfected by the rays of the sun, fruitful showers, and the mild dews of night.

Farther on, I discover an innumerable multitude of insects, reptiles, and quadrupeds; these fly in the air, those crawl on the grass, and drag

themselves along in winding folds, others fill the woods and the vallies.

The courser lifts his proud head, raises his flowing mane, bounds on the plains and makes them resound with his neighings. The lion, king of animals roars without inspiring terror.

Here, the groves resound with the melodious song of the birds; their rich plumage shines with a thousand colors. My dazzled eye admires the magnificent ornaments of the peacock, the tuft of feathers which shade his radiant front, the undulating azure of his neck, his majestic step, and all those suns of sapphire, of emeralds and gold which irradiate the long plumes of his superb tail, displayed like a moveable rainbow.

There, the shady forests lose themselves in the clouds: here, high mountains sustain the vault of heaven on their summits.

Spring forth, rapid rivers, boiling from the bosom of these mountains; increase in your course, with the tribute of those streams, flow majestically into the midst of these plains, and spread fertility

every where. You, peaceful streams, water these smiling meadows: sweet fountains diffuse your tranquil waters along the sides of these verdant hills.

Arise, amorous zephyrs, agitate these poplars, these spinging acacias, balance upon their stems those flowers of the spring, and with your perfumed breath, refresh and purify the fields of air.

Thou sun, the offspring and rival of the Divinity, come forth from the east in all thy splendor, rise to heaven's topmost arch, seat thyself upon thy throne of rubies and diamonds; kindle the south with thy fires; pursue thy course, descend to the western sea, and, shining with new glory, soon reappear in the celestial vault made resplendent by thy rays, proclaim, publish through the universe the power of God, who has created thy light and heat.

Enlighten, animate, embellish the world; maintain the universal harmony; bestow on all these globes which form thy empire, life, motion, changing seasons, and the sweet influences of day and night.

Render the earth fruitful ; thy presence makes its riches and its grandeur. If thou cease to replenish it with thy fires, it will present only the picture of nonexistence.

Shed from on high thy enchanting rays, amiable sister of the sun, distil a calmer light, a less dazzling day, diffuse every where the poppies of sleep, and the charms of repose ; spouse of silence, reign with him, and render nature more august and more striking.

Asylum of winds and tempests, deep ocean, extensive seas, roll your impetuous waves around the earth, and let your extended arms environ and press it on all sides.

Powerful mover of all these worlds suspended to thy throne, thou, who embracest in thy immensity whatever is and whatever shall be, space, time, and eternity. O God, how beautiful are thy works ; with what magnificent array, and with what profusion they come from thy hand, ! With what wisdom and goodness hast thou provided for their preservation !

This universe where every thing answers to thy designs, where the different celestial bodies, so wonderfully proportioned to their end, are closely united, and connected to each other by necessary relations; this universe governed by simple laws, where each globe is surrounded by an atmosphere essential to life, by a circle of vapors which multiply the light and reflect it even to our eyes, causing us to enjoy the break of day, the beams of the sun, and the twilight which embellishes the horizon on the evening of a fine day; this incomparable universe full of thy majesty and glory, is to me an immense temple, in which all the great works of nature point out to me a FATHER, and invite me to bless and to love him.

END OF CANTO II.

CREATION.

CANTO III.

CREATION.



CANTO III.

WHAT sovereign, all-powerful voice is that which resounds through the highest heavens, and pronounces those sublime words? "Let us make man in our image, let him have dominion over nature, and be its king and priest.

Immediately, formed of clay, organized by the divine hand, and animated by his miraculous breath, which unites matter and spirit, man appears enriched with an immortal soul, and shining with the features of Divinity.

Arise, my soul, contemplate the most august spectacle, man, at the coming out of the hands of his maker. The other wonders of creation disappear before this new prodigy.

Neither the splendor of the rising sun, nor the awful majesty of the heavens, nor the legions of stars which shine in the midst of darkness, nor all the diversity of beauties of this grand universe can long engage my attention.

An object more striking calls and attracts me, it is man: I behold him, and my eyes are dazzled with the eminent dignity that shines in his countenance. I see man in all the beauty of innocence and perfection. I see him immortal and just, and my soul is enchanted and ravished. I see man: he calls forth all my sentiments of admiration, and makes me forget the whole universe, because he is created in the image of God.

He is the master-piece, the glory of the Supreme Being. He represents to me the Divinity, when I see him walking in the garden of delights, lifting to heaven his pure eyes and sublime countenance. Every thing declares him the sovereign of

the world. He is to command all beings; the eagle that boldly hovers in the clouds, and flies even to the chariot of the sun: the lion which fills the mountains and forests with his roarings, the monsters which sport at the bottom of the great abyss, yea all nature; it is made for him, the creator has subjected all things to his empire.

Render homage to your king, inhabitants of the forests: go, fly around him, inhabitants of the air: nightingales raise your voice, ravish his ear by your harmonious concerts, and in melodious sounds pour forth to him your first songs; gentle zephyrs, invite him to sweet repose, softly breathing in these foliages.

Sleep, come enchain his senses, and at his awaking, let a companion, a new blessing from the creator, present herself to his ravished eyes, and crown his felicity.

Cedars, palm trees, unite your branches at the appearance of these two august beings: raise your pompous heads, form over them a roof of verdure, and cover them with your shade.

Unfold your blossoms to them, charming flowers, embalm the air which they respire. Tender herbage spring up under their feet, orange trees, and odorous citrons offer them a delicious nourishment in the nectar and ambrosia of your fruits.

Mother of Euphrates and Tigris, happy fountain, water and fructify these beautiful places, this paradise of pure voluptuousness, this cradle of the human race: divide the crystal of your waves, and forming great rivers, make the dwelling of man the delightful palace of innocence and happiness.

But what do I see? Justice in tears ascends to heaven. What a change! What a horrible crime! Adam and Eve disobey their creator: faithless and guilty, they are for ever banished the earthly paradise. Frightful death, with his scythe in his hand, marches at the head of the whole troop of crimes and diseases to erect his empire in the universe.

Shortly an impious brother will shed his brother's blood. I see already the cruel destroyer of the human race, the DEMON of WAR, light up his

torch to set fire to the whole world. What ravages! what misfortunes! what tears! and what an inexhaustable source of calamities!

One day in cultivating his fields, the terrified laborer will recoil with horror at the sight of bucklers and helmets covered with rust, which, struck by his ploughshare, will resound as they roll along in the furrows.

But, to complete their wretchedness the descendants of man will forget their creator: the unity of God, that first truth, that solemn dogma of nature and of reason, they will efface from their minds.

Idolatry will soon rear its monstrous head to the clouds. Hydaspes and Ganges will see the Magi, in long robes of dazzling whiteness, prostrating themselves before the heavens, to offer a profane incense to the sun, and take that for the Divinity which is but his shadow.

Stupid animals will be worshipped on the borders of the Nile. O crime! O shame! the most infamous passions, the most abominable vices, will have altars; throughout the earth will be erected

magnificent temples to Gods of marble and of brass.

Seated on the prophetic tripod, violently tormented with the spirit of error, the Sibyl foaming, dishevelled, will shake her dark grotto with her horrible ravings, and fill the world with her lying oracles.

Degraded, perverted, the human race, will provoke by their crimes and impieties, the vengeance of heaven. Then, in his wrath, and almost repenting that he made man, the Almighty will resolve to destroy him. Then, like the noise of a violent storm, will burst from the clouds that thundering voice which calls the tempests, breaks down cedars, and overturns mountains. Then, the Omnipotent will strike dreadful blows, his vengeful arm will remain extended over man, because great crimes always call for his unmeasured thunder.

I turn away my eyes from objects too full of horror, and throw a veil over the abyss of futurity.

Son of Adam, O man, be faithful to thy Maker,

call to mind every moment of thy life, what gifts the king of heaven has bestowed upon thee.

That heart where reigns tender humanity, where resides conjugal and paternal love, filial piety, peaceful friendship and the nobler virtues; that predominant intelligence which distinguishes thee from all other beings, which has invented the arts and sciences, and raised the great veil which covers the secrets of nature; that intelligence which by creating to itself new organs, has had the sublime happiness to discover the causes of so many astronomical phenomena, the true system of the universe, the power and the effects of gravity, the motions and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, that genius which, raising itself even to the regions of the fixed stars, notwithstanding their prodigious distance, has discovered worlds without number, which roll in unlimited space; that genius which penetrates even the abyss of Divinity itself, and sounds its depths, speak, whence hadst thou thy being? is it not from the creator who has drawn thee from nothing? Learn the extent of his blessings.

The great God has commanded the sea to bend its impetuous waves under the vessels thou wouldst launch on its abyss, he has said to the winds, swell the sails of these vessels and conduct them wherever man wishes, from the east to the west, from the south to the north, even to all parts of the world,

He said to the high mountains, which look like the pillars of heaven, become a plain before man. He said to the elements, to all nature, behold your king, and obey him.

He has said to death, daughter of crime, thou shalt exercise thy empire only over the frail clay of which I have formed the body of man: from the moment that man, created in my image, shall render himself guilty, I abandon him to thee.

Let him fall into the dust, his body came from the dust: but let his immortal and incorruptible part, leap the bounds of time and this earthly existence, and live for ever.

Gracious bestowment of the beneficent Deity, continual miracle of his omnipotence, O life! thou

art not then a vain dream! O life! I shall not lose thee for ever.

Let tottering old age, the frightful companion of time, disfigure my countenance, and reduce me to a shadow; let him extinguish with his icy breath the lamp of my days, and conduct me to the gates of death; I will fear neither old age, the coffin, the funeral torches, nor the mournful songs of melancholy attendants. My most noble part shall triumph over death; no, the sleep which will terminate my days, shall not plunge me for ever in eternal night.

I shall live beyond the tomb; the same power which has given me life, will undoubtedly renew its course. The immutable word of Jehovah is my security.

He has said to man, whatever exists under the sun shall be destroyed; the wonders of the creation shall perish, cities, people, empires, thou shalt behold them all, after a few moments of splendor, pushed by the arm of destruction,

brought to[•] nothing, falling on each other in the orrent of ages and generations.

Thou shalt behold the universe suddenly broken, carried away by an impetuous whirlwind, pass like lightning, and disappear before thee, like the shadow which the noon day causes to vanish.

A bloody veil shall cover the lamp of heaven, and suddenly all shall return to ancient chaos. Inexorable death shall break his useless scythe, and time, despoiled of his wings, shall precipitate himself into the insatiable gulph of eternity.

But that intelligence which comes from on high, that divine breath which is in thee, thy soul alone shall outswim this vast ocean of ruins, in which all that is material shall be swallowed up; and if that soul has always followed the rules of justice and reason; if pride which destroyed the rebellious spirits, and hurled them to the bottom of the dread abyss, under burning rocks that press them with their enormous weight, if pride has not effaced in it the resemblance of the divine nature, a pure day, a celestial glory shall encircle it with

its rays, and, carryed in the midst of a choir of angels, on the wings of virtue, it shall mount up even to me in this region of truth, of light and peace, where I for ever dwell.

END OF THE LAST CANTO.



Let \mathbf{A} be a matrix in $\mathbb{R}^{n \times n}$ and let \mathbf{B} be a matrix in $\mathbb{R}^{m \times m}$. Then the matrix $\mathbf{A} \otimes \mathbf{B}$ is defined to be the matrix in $\mathbb{R}^{(nm) \times (nm)}$ such that

$$(\mathbf{A} \otimes \mathbf{B})_{(i-1)m+j, (k-1)m+l} = A_{ik} B_{jl}.$$

If \mathbf{A} and \mathbf{B} are both symmetric, then $\mathbf{A} \otimes \mathbf{B}$ is also symmetric.

$$\begin{aligned} & \text{Let } \mathbf{A} \in \mathbb{R}^{n \times n} \text{ and } \mathbf{B} \in \mathbb{R}^{m \times m}. \\ & \text{Then } \mathbf{A} \otimes \mathbf{B} \in \mathbb{R}^{(nm) \times (nm)}. \end{aligned}$$



THE RURAL WALK.



THE RURAL WALK.



Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paullum silvæ super his foret.

HOR.



I HAVE sung the father of day, that fiery star,
which from the summit of the skies, inundating
the air with torrents of light, covers the earth and
seas with a shining veil.

Majestic picture of nature, sublime objects
which ravished my soul, you have not now the
same dominion over me.

Let the young lovers of fame, wander in the slippery paths of Helicon; let the children of the Gods, the lyric poets, encouraged by my songs, celebrate with more enthusiasm and with more splendor the torch of the universe; let them describe if they please, the gloomy horrors of a stormy night, the east wind howling from the clouds, and the south wind bearing on its wings the sparkling thunder, the ocean groaning from its deep abyss, vast forests resounding with the noise of rocks struck by rapid torrents, rivers overflowing their banks and rolling along the plains with extended waves, and ancient mountains shattered by roaring tempests.

For my part, who now love only the banks of fountains, and the silence of the woods, I who, far from the eyes of the profane vulgar, wish to sketch, under the spreading beech, only simple landscapes, I for ever abandon the perilous career of glory, and the harp consecrated to Apollo: happy in having drawn from it harmonious sounds which *Nivernois* and *Bernis* have applauded, my

muse is going to modulate more tender airs, and repose on milder objects.

Let us leave vain mortals to lavish in dishonorable indolence the half of a life more fugitive than the waves of the sea. While, plunged in sleep, they lose without regret hours precious to genius, let us go and admire the springing day, the peaceful rising of the sun, and the affecting spectacle of nature.

Already the pure and serene day whitens the horizon, and shines on the mountains; the singing of birds begins; I hear them, they call me; let us celebrate with them the return of spring.

How charming are these places! How this view enchants me! Let us stop upon this long terrace, embalmed by these orange trees in flower, and contemplate at our leisure this striking spectacle.

Here, I command an immense plain, or rather a number of smiling gardens, covered in all seasons with verdure and fruits. There, I discover a group of charming houses, each of which offers to the ravished eye new beauties. Further on, a

superb city presents itself, astonishing the sight by its rich edifices and high towers which raise their heads to the clouds. I perceive also the great river which flows majestically by the walls of that opulent city, and the noble bridge, lately erected by royal munificence, which antiquity might have ranked among its wonders.

In surveying these flowery banks, with what emotion my view is directed to the happy retreat of that celebrated philosopher, who has preferred the dignity of a man of letters, and a noble independence to the dazzling lustre of vain honors. He might have swam in riches if he had listened to blind fortune, but he would have lived a slave, and descended without glory to the tomb.

Happy, a thousand times happy, is he who prefers a rural life, and the sweet labors of the country! Happy the mortal, beloved of the Deity, who, when dreary winter has fled, wandering at his liberty in the meadows, beholds the first rays of the sun gild his vineyards, and his fields clothed with new verdure; who sees his almond trees flourish, his flocks bound in the vallies, and who,

seated near a sacred fountain, in the shady grove mixes his song with that of the nightingale, and chants on his lyre only Páles and the woods.

What can the wise man desire, whose days flow in such a peaceful stream? What other wishes can his heart form? And what situation can raise his envy, when visited in his retreat by a few faithful friends, often without expecting them; he has the delicious pleasure of seeing them at a distance, he hastens his steps to meet them, tenderly embraces them; and places before them a frugal table covered with simple viands furnished by his paternal domain?

Ah! the man that leads such a sweet life as this, has nothing more to wish here below; and monarchs themselves, puissant monarchs, amid all the glory and pomp which surround their thrones, would doubtless envy such happiness, if they were acquainted with it.

I salute thee, pleasant hill, whom heaven has covered with wonders: thou art the ornament of these fertile countries, I again salute thee. Fond of

these solitary walks, I come to respire the bracing air of the morning, and the fragrance of the hawthorn's blossom.

How the pure soul is charmed by rural objects ! I contemplate them with inexpressible delight ; tears of joy flow from my eyes. Ah ! nature at this moment takes full possession of my heart.

I hear thee, humble fountain, softly murmuring by the side of this grove, where grow the holy and viorna. No venomous reptile corrupts thy waters ; transparent as crystal, they flow at the foot of these peaceful elders, which owe their life to thee.

Before I go further, I will gather some fragrant plants which grow in these moist places ; I will carry them myself to the good old man, who, for threescore years and ten, has cultivated this vine which his poor ancestors planted. Alas ! he is sick ; perhaps these salutary herbs may ease his pain.

Young shrub, often blighted by the cold, object of my tender pity, fear no longer the rigor of the winter, nor the withering influence of the treacherous frost. The breath of zephyrs now caresses thee,

and causes thy branches to spring afresh ; the spring covers thee with new flowers ; the sun cherishes and protects thee, and delights to dart his golden rays across thy verdant foliage.

With what pleasure I again behold this brook whose lively, bubbling waters spout from a thousand sources, and escape by flowing in a canal paved with silver pebbles ! When the melancholy spectacle of the vices and crimes of men fatigues my soul, it is here I come to respire, and to seek for calm repose.

Ancient and venerable trees that love this rivulet, palm trees raising your lofty heads in air, shady sycamores, flowery shrubs that live upon its banks, bend yourselves along its stream, and let it never cease to run under the shade of your pendant branches, until it arrive at the place, where, quitting you with regret, murmuring it precipitates itself into that magnificent bason, formed by nature to efface for ever all the prodigies of art.

Image of the rapidity of time, and of the nothingness of human vanities, its fleeting waves incessantly lose themselves in that wonderful river,

which, stealing too soon from our eyes, goes, not far from its source, to cast itself into the grand stream, which also soon disappears in the bosom of the ocean.

Thus, with an insensible course, our sorrowful days flow on without returning, and conduct us to the tomb. Thus, whatever inflames insatiable ambition, glory, birth, fortune, grandeur, all in an instant are buried in eternity.

Tranquil rivulet, how often have I come here to pour forth the feelings of my heart, to meditate near thee, the dark, the dreadful future, and to familiarize myself with my last moments.

How many times hast thou seen me seated on thy banks, my soul affected by that profound peace, that silent calm which filled me with sweet melancholy, mix with thy pure waters my tender tears when I was obliged to leave them, return to them again recalled by my desires; remove myself from them with heavy step, sighing, gaze at them from a distance, and my heart, locked by grief, groaning, sighed forth: Alas! why cannot I finish my days here.

You, who cause my delights, dwellings of innocence and repose, vallies, ever present to my memory, solitude ever dear to my heart, I will never forget you.

O happy mortals, mortals too little known, who cultivate these smiling vineyards and these fruitful plains! alas! how I envy you! When will my wishes be accomplished? When shall I live with you? and may I at last, disengaged from so many importunate connexions which now fatigue me, inhabit these humble retreats, which will be, even to my last sigh, the objects of my love?

Confidents of my most secret thoughts, you, who from my earliest youth, knew the bottom of my heart, say, did I ever envy any other happiness?

How many times, in our peaceable walks, have we celebrated the charms of rural life. It was but the other day, in this alley, where the vine united to the young lindens, extends its branches suspended in long festoons, I said to you; Let us live here, let us live in these charming hamlets. My friends, it was my soul which spoke to you.

I expressed to you only those sentiments which were dearest to me.

Ah! if propitious heaven restores me one day to myself, if liberty, too slow, takes pity on my trouble, with what ardor will I go and bury myself in the country! There I shall be seen, a solitary philosopher, inclosing with a quickset hedge a small field cultivated with my own hands, gathering the first violets of the spring; cutting at leisure my numerous espaliers, training their fruitful branches, clipping the honeysuckle and the acanthus, supporting the weak shrub, the sport of the winds, directing around my bower the tender vine, and seated in its shade, contemplate daily with satisfied eye, the ripening grapes! I shall retire at the approach of the hoar frosts, and the chilling storm, lay up the last fruits of autumn, and in these happy cares of the golden age, finish an innocent life, uncorrupted by any bitterness or hatred. Oh! how I will bless heaven for having removed me from men, and for being forgotten by them.

Nevertheless it is pleasant to have never offended them. It is also pleasant to have written nothing but from my heart. The bitterness of satire and of envy has never soiled my pen; it is pure and spotless; and if my name does not shine among those of the sublime geniuses admired by all the world, at least, it is dear to sensible and virtuous souls. A happiness so consoling is the greatest glory: it makes me love life, it embellishes my days, and I shall carry it with me to the tomb.





N I G H T.

NIGHT.



ON the evening of a fine day, fatigued with heat, I went to breathe the fresh air : the sun's fiery orb was leaving the horizon, and the shades, descending from the mountains, extended already into the plains.

I soon lost sight of the hamlet I inhabit, and the thundering forges where, with a terrified eye, we behold the sons of Vulcan, armed with long pincers, draw from the flaming furnace the sparkling steel, and plunge it into the trembling wave.

The shepherds were every where driving back their numerous flocks, playing on the flute and

pipe ; the oxen returning with slow steps. I was wandering in the fields, and only heard at a distance the deafening hammers falling with redoubled strokes on sounding anvils : I advanced insensibly to a greater distance. It is pleasant to be alone in a place which one loves, and to give oneself up to musing. I thus prolonged my walk, without perceiving that night was already far advanced. But far from being affrighted, it appeared to me interesting, and I found how delightful it is to enjoy the spectacle of a fine night.

The air was pure, the heavens were not obscured by any cloud ; the brilliant stars embellished the azure vault ; a beautiful moonlight, spread every where, gave to the rural objects a new charm. This half-day, this uncertain light, mixed at a distance with the shades of the woods and hills, inspired a sweet melancholy.

All nature reposed, the weak rivulet was hardly heard to murmur in the meadow which it watered. How this universal calm, this vast silence,

affected my soul, and penetrated me with sentiments august and religious.

I stopped by a superb lake, smooth as glass, whose sides were ornamented with willows and poplars, between which might be seen some insulated thatched cottages. With what transport, favored by the silver rays of the lamp of night, I contemplated the magnificent vault of the heavens, inverted and reproduced entire in this vast basin, the trees seemed to grow taller and appear more distant, and their foliage, agitated by a fresh breeze, wavering and floating in the faithful mirror of tranquil waters.

I went and seated myself in a neighbouring grove to consider attentively so many wonders; and there I gave myself up to all the reflexions which so charming a spectacle could inspire, when the sound of a voice recalled my mind from the reverie into which I was plunged. This voice appeared to be near me, I silently removed the thick branches, and had a glimpse, not far distant, of a man far advanced in years.

His head almost bald, his countenance noble and serene, his flowing beard, whitened by his long years, inspired a holy respect. He was on his knees under an oak, whose trunk, wasted by time, still produced vigorous shoots. With eyes raised to heaven, he spoke aloud. I listened in silence, and heard this sublime and affecting prayer, which proceeded from a heart full of the Divinity he invoked.

“O thou, whose infinite existence and power, are manifested by all nature with so much grandeur. Father of men, from the height of thy throne, surrounded by innumerable choirs of pure spirits, who live in thy love, burn with thy fires, and incessantly celebrate, on their ravishing harps, thy divine praises, condescend for a moment to hear a feeble mortal, and to receive his homage.”

“In the midst of the silent night I raise my voice, I come to adore that eternal Intelligence which created me.”

“The universe, great God is thy temple. Enlightened by day by the dazzling sun, which is thy image, and filled during the night with sparkling

stars, which form thy crown, the immeasurable heavens are the roof of this magnificent temple, and man, innocent and pure, is the priest."

"Oh! how could foolish mortals avoid perceiving this visible, universal wisdom which governs the world with so much splendor? How, at the appearance of these sparkling globes which roll above the clouds, of the vast ocean which surround the earth, and unite nations by the treasures scattered in profusion on its surface, and heaped together in its bowels, surrounded with so many wonders, how could they forget the author?"

"I bless thee, supreme God, for giving me birth in the country, far from corrupted cities, and that thou hast removed pride and ambition far from my heart. Thanks to thy paternal goodness, I have enjoyed for almost a century the true blessings of life, peace of soul, and a happy mediocrity."

"Thou hast never ceased to bestow on me the gifts of thy love. My last days are still marked by thy kindness. Abundant harvests fill my

granaries; thou waterest my meadows; thou givest fruitfulness to my flocks; thou fertilizest my vineyards; thy hand covers my trees with blossoms and with fruit, which have never been ravaged by the violent Africus nor the stormy Auster."

"To complete my felicity, thou hast preserved my companion in life, and our beloved children, whose tenderness is the delight of our old age. My God, I have nothing more to desire, but to die before them."

"I feel myself approaching the end of my days; soon I shall mingle my ashes with those of my fathers. Protector of my long life, I recommend to thy care my children, when I am laid in the silent tomb. Pity their tender mother: watch, from the highest heaven, over those who are dear to me, O my God, never forsake them."

In finishing these words, his eyes were filled with tears, profound sighs heaved from his heart; he could hardly breathe. I thought I saw somewhat divine beam in the countenance of this venerable old man. He arose, and with tranquil steps retired to his dwelling, where I heard him

again offer up his praises to the Supreme Being.

In the mean time sparkling Aurora was preparing to open the gates of heaven; the birds, flying in the tufted trees, began to sing. Already the rabbits, springing from their burrows, ran in the extensive meadows whitened with dew, and cropped the creeping thyme, while the yelping fox pursued the terrified hare in the woods.

Already the diligent laborer yoked his lowing oxen to the plough; the sheep coming in crouds from the fold, bleating, spread themselves over the fields, followed by barking dogs, and shepherds singing rustic airs. Crowned with rubies and with rays of gold, the sun comes from the bosom of the waters, and darts his first fires. My soul affected and charmed with what I had seen, with what I had heard, I arose and regained in peace my rural habitation.



THE ORCHARD.

THE ORCHARD.



LET others describe in pompous verse the superb gardens of kings, the magnificent statues which give life to the silent groves, and the obedient waters, which, forced through conduits, spring into the air, and fall in brilliant pearls into a bason of alabaster.

I who live in an obscure retreat, and behold the palaces of princes only at distance, I am not ambitious of the glory of suspending my simple garlands from their gilded canopies: satisfied with describing nature, and expressing with freedom the sentiments of my heart, I am going to survey

the humble orchard where I spent my infantile days.

With what delight I enter here ! and what pleasure I have in walking about this charming spot ! What a luxury it is, after a long absence, to revisit the dear theatre of our childish sports,

Under that peaceful roof I was born. It was in this orchard that my feeble eyes first beheld the rays of the sun.

There, a kind hand supporting my tottering body, humored its least movements, and excited me to form my first steps. It was there, breathing a pure air, aliment of life, I grew like a springing shrub, whose delicate stem strengthens daily.

In this alley of chesnuts, a good natured dog, following a train of sporting children, dragged me in a carriage, which a tender mother, with anxious eye, followed at a distance.

Never shall I forget, how my father, at the end of this terrace, showing me the sun and and the vast expanse of the heavens, conversed with me for the first time concerning the existence of a Supreme Being, his greatness and power, and raised

in my affected and astonished mind the first religious ideas. After having displayed to me the wonders of the universe, pressing me in his arms, he said to me ; O my son ! comfort my heart and the heart of thy mother, by constantly adoring from thy very soul that divine Intelligence which has deigned to create thee, and to call thee to the enjoyment of life. Believe me, the enemy of God is always miserable : shun him without persecuting him, and be less afraid of death than of his perplexing dogmas.

I cannot, without emotion, enter this bower of laurels where my grandfather read to me the beautiful verses of *Virgil*, and still oftener caused me to admire the melodious accents of the swan of *Cambray*.

O how sensible I then was of the charming sweetness of *Telemachus* ! and how much I now prefer that *chef d'œuvre* to all the pompous odes in which *Pindar* celebrates the triumphs of the kings of Syracuse and Agrigentum, proclaimed victors at the Olympic games. The pictures of the

French Homer much more affect my heart.—
How I enjoy his charming descriptions! How
enchanted I am with his harmonious style.

Ah! if a gentle philosophy causes my feeble
writings to be beloved, if in them are found any
true sentiments, if any happy traits distinguish
them from the multitude, divine painter of virtue,
immortal priest, to thee I shall owe the glory.

To thee also, charming orchard, I owe my hap-
piness; thou hast inspired my ruling passion, the
love of rural life, and relish for the beauties of
nature. My imagination incessantly pleases it-
self, in retracing to my enchanted soul, the peace,
the sincere pleasures of my early years, and those
lively sensations of infancy, which always form
our tastes and ideas.

These pleasant images will never be effaced
from my memory. What I then loved, I still
love. This ancient vine, ornament of these walls,
this green palm tree, proud of its foliage, these
hives covered with straw, where the industrious
bee distils in peace her golden fluid; this fig tree
which protects me from the fires of the burning

dog star, this stream whose pure waters quench my thirst, these fresh shades, where I enjoy a tranquil, unexpected sleep. I will ever love this fertile orchard, where my good ancestors, exempt from that assemblage of woes, which torments ambitious mortals, have enjoyed lengthened years, the recompence of their active and frugal lives.

Stealing from the slavery of the city, accompanied by my faithful dog, I will often come to this peaceful orchard, to find again nature and breathe repose. I will often come here to gather the fragrant raspberry, the delicious peach, and the golden balls suspended from the branches of the orange tree. It will be also sweet, in my old age, to be brought here, to sit on this turf surrounded with jessamines and roses, and to console the rigors of my winter by the remembrance of the pure joys and tranquil happiness of my spring.





BENEFICENCE.

BENEFICENCE.

Miseris succurrere disco.

VIRGIL.

OFFSPRING of heaven, sweet disposition of cultivated minds, O divine Beneficence, happy the mortal who lives under thy empire, and who has devoted to thee his heart.

Happy he, who in his youth, undeceived respecting the illusions of life, and the foolish passions which degrade mankind, abandons the city, and

visits the rural cottage to console suffering humanity.

He doubtless received his birth among barbarians, and long sucked the milk of a tigress on Mount Caucasus, who can behold the tears of misery with an insensible eye, whose flinty heart, deaf to commiseration, repels with a cruel joy every emotion of pity.

How I pity the man who lives for himself only, and whose avaricious heart, tormented night and day with the thirst of gold, has never felt the holy flame of Beneficence; foolish man, who deprives himself of the sweetest and most noble enjoyment, the pleasure of doing good.

I bless the Supreme Being for having given me bowels of compassion, never shall the happiness of others be foreign to me; I will enjoy it with transport, it relieves my heart. How am I afflicted and tormented at another's misfortune.

I still recollect, nor will my memory ever lose the impression, with what grief I was seized at the sight of a despairing mother, who was following her only son to the tomb. She rent the air with

her cries. The name of this child to whom she had given suck, came insensibly from her mouth, she called him, still spake to him, her voice was stifled by her sighs. Tears flowed from every eye, the priest, affected and weeping, could not finish the sacred prayers. She wished, in the excess of her grief, to precipitate herself upon the coffin, and to bury herself alive in the tomb—it was found necessary to carry her away fainting and dying,

So we see the tender nightingale, from whom the barbarous birdcatcher has ravished the spring-fruits of her love, unhappy, she sighs, she moans all the night in a solitary grove, and pours forth in long accents her plaintive lamentations.

Heaven has not given me much; but this little belongs to indigence. The corn that grows in my small field is harvested for the poor as well as for myself. When burning Leo vomits through the regions of air torrents of fire, they shall enjoy the fresh shade of my woods. In the winter, retired to my hospitable dwelling, they shall there brave the fury of the north winds, I will share my all with them; the nectar of my vine, the wool of my

sheep, and the fruits of my orchard. Alas ! the man who has felt misfortune, finds no happiness equal to that of consoling the wretched.

I would not be ambitious of the riches of Attilus, nor of all the gold which, in former times, the king of Lydia had accumulated, I would not envy, I say, all these treasures, but to eternize my dearest sentiments and to satisfy the wishes of my soul, by raising a magnificent temple to Beneficence.

In this temple should be seen, neither conquerors, scourges of humanity, nor the ungrateful, who dishonor it ; nor oppressive monarchs, always armed with the axe of despotism : only the tender virtues, gratitude and faithful friendship should have altars there.

Generous souls, feeling and compassionate men, your statues should fill this temple ; I would myself crown them with laurels, every where on those sacred walls should be read your illustrious names, engraved with my hand in letters of gold, on immortal marble.



THE MOUNTAIN.

THE MOUNTAIN.



I SALUTE thee, majestic mountain, whose lofty summit reaches the heavens: I salute thee,

I have abandoned for thee the flowery vallies, bubbling streams, and silent groves; I have quitted them all, that I might once more enjoy the sublime spectacle which thy peaceful and solitary summit presents to my view.

I can here breathe in peace, and contemplate nature in all its magnificence. Here, at least, no mournful image affects my heart.

I am no more on those formidable mountains, where all the imprisoned and jarring elements, growl furiously, and in their endless combats,

strive to overturn the ancient foundations of the world.

I have seen the horrible cavern of the black Cyclops; I have seen it cast forth sparkling columns which arose to the clouds, scattering dreadful lightnings. I have seen torrents of melted minerals burst from the bosom of Vesuvius, precipitate themselves in cascades of fire, and pursue trembling Neptune far into his own empire.

I have heard the bellowings of burning Etna; I have seen Enceladus himself, raising enormous rocks which fell again upon him, vomit, in his powerless rage, vortices of ashes and smoke; I have seen him in the insupportable violence of his torments, pluck out his burning entrails, and with an impious hand, hurl them against the vault of heaven,

These horrible spectacles no longer terrify my soul: I no more hear the roaring storm: I am above the tempest, I behold beneath me the thunder furrowing the clouds with its burning arrows.

Mighty ocean, I have seen the winds let loose, agitate thy waves, and 'cause thy waters to boil

even from the bottom of thy abyss. I have seen Aquilo ingulph himself in a cloud, terrible and roaring, descend from the heights of the air in a whirlwind, and drive furiously dreadful water-spouts over thy boiling waves.

Here all breathe a calm, my view is attracted only by flowery hills, fertile vineyards, vallies inhabited by brooks, superb rivers that flow majestically through immense plains,

Ye who consume in the bosom of opulent cities your useless days, and who dare to describe nature without knowing her, leave the frivolous world; come here and contemplate the sun, and read the great book of the universe. It is here we must admire and study nature. That queen of the world loves the mountains: she loves to enclose herself in their extensive bowels, as in an inaccessible sanctuary. It is there she silently forms those treasures, metals, precious stones and sparkling diamonds, which in time she matures in their deep cavities,

My soul cannot contain its transports; here I embrace the whole universe. If I raise my eyes

to heaven, I behold in all his splendor, the God of day, the great luminary which I have sung; he crowns my front with his purest rays; I behold him with ecstasy, and swim in the ocean of his light.

Happy mountain, once arrived at thy summit, it seems as if heaven opened to my view. Plunged in religious meditations, my soul filled with holy impressions, I contemplate the FATHER of nature in the immensity of his omnipotence, and in the astonishing splendor of his greatness. He communicates himself to me, he surrounds me with all his majesty. It is there he speaks to my soul; and there at the sight of so many grand objects, I formerly desired to sing the wonders of creation.

Mountain beloved of heaven, I regret to leave thee, and to revisit once more an impious world, filled with falsehood and crimes. Adieu, retreat of the wise, peaceful mountain, adieu. As I descend from thy summit, truth seems to take wing, and I remove from the Divinity.



END OF AUTUMN.

2000-01-01

THE END OF AUTUMN.



WHAT are become of those fine days, those happy days so dear to my soul, in which Philomel, hid in the thick bush of flowery hawthorn, chanted in her melodious tone the triumphs of the spring, and charmed the day and night by her delightful notes.

Every thing in the fields languishes, all is dead. Flora and Pomona have disappeared; even the God of day has removed himself, and no longer darts his rays but at intervals through the cloudy air, he appears to enlighten with regret the sorrowful ruins of rural nature.

Charming birds who mix the colors of your bright plumage with the springing verdure of the shrubs, I shall not, for a long time, hear your tender notes in these harmonious groves: I shall not, for a long time, see the migrating swallow declare war against the silly fly, and skim along the azure surface of this fine lake: chased by the fierce children of Orythía, she abandons her nest, and flies far from 'my hospitable roof to milder climates.

The swan with her long neck and the light crane take flight, and mount up to the clouds, whilst the crow with heavy wing beats the air, and causes her doleful croakings to be heard every where, which mournful echo repeats.

How is the glory of the country changed! How have the north winds and the cold dishonored the fields and these hills, how this green turf is faded, and these gardens lately covered with flowers and fruits. I no longer know these fertile fields, my eye on every side discovers only afflicting objects.

Instead of its verdant branches and amber grapes, the vine offers only dry stems deprived of their foliage by the stormy rains. Those ancient forests which bound the horizon, those robust elms have lost their majestic shade; ravaged now by the stormy Orion, they are despoiled of their multitude of leaves, and present afar off only their withered tops.

Thus in the groves which enchanted me, my mind now receives only mournful impressions. Parterres, but a moment since, embellished with a lively enamel, no; I cannot bear the sight of your flowerless stalks and faded leaves, all is over with you, I leave you in spite of myself. The last fine day of autumn passed away with the last rose I plucked from the prickly branch.

Those fine days will return, those sweet shades which I regret will spring again. This grassy turf will again grow green, the sun will restore life to these woods, to these despoiled fields; new flowers will adorn these meadows, and nature will arise from its ruins more shining and beautiful.

But we, miserable mortals, deprived of life, we disappear and never return, our winter has no end. Once precipitated on the frightful shores of death, in vain we sigh after the light which has been ravished from us; never shall we see it again; cruel destiny opposes us; implacable, it leaves us to sigh and consume ourselves in eternal regrets the pale inhabitants of the empire of darkness.

Such are the sad thoughts with which, at the decline of autumn, the spectacle of dying nature fills my disconsolate mind. Death seems to pursue me every where. In the midst of forests, on the banks of rivers, every where it presents itself to me under the most gloomy images. Funereal objects which come in crowds to arrest my attention, still redouble my pensive melancholy.

The mourning of the earth begins. Already the gathered clouds fall: the air, inundated with contagious vapors, grows dark: the snow falls in large flakes, and covers the mountains' lofty tops.

I behold horrible winter, shaking his icicles, spring from the caverns of the north, surrounded with the nipping hoar frosts, and impure fogs.

which extend themselves rapidly over the saddened plains. His breath enchains the flowing wave, and renders deep rivers motionless; buried under a vault of ice, image of the tomb, the great river which watered these rich plains has disappeared,

I hear the bellowing of the angry sea; impetuous storms rush in the air; the elements are in confusion; the torch of the world ceases to enlighten it. Has the course of ages run its destined round? Is the universe grown old and going to return into eternal night?

Adieu, beloved retreat, in which I have passed so many happy moments; adieu, limpid and pure fountain, amiable brook which, murmuring, rolls among golden pebbles over silver sands; adieu, tender shrubs, cultivated by my care; peaceful groves rendered delightful to me by beautiful days and the song of the nightingale: I shall see you no more until the breath of zephyrs perfume you, until spring return crowned with verdure and flowers.

Tormented by the destructive winds, shivering

I return to the town, where, while furious Boreas roars at my shaking window, I will sleep in peace amid the noise of his shrill blasts, or tranquilly converse with a few faithful friends assembled around my hearth.



THE BEES.

THE BEES.

HAPPY painter of nature, whose harmonious lyre, has celebrated in such sweet accents the labors of rural life, O divine *Virgil*, pardon me if I presume to sing of Bees. I invoke thy genius; lend to my timid muse thy grace, thy enchanting coloring, less to embellish simple truth with thy pleasant fables, than to render it more striking.

Let statues be erected to the wise mortal, who first occupied himself with the care of gathering the wandering, solitary, bees into society, and, forcing them to leave the caverned mountains, and to abandon immense forests, enriched mankind with this magnificent present of nature.

They were doubtless inspired by the celestial powers, who first struck with the genius of these useful insects conveyed them from the frozen shores of the Borysthenes to the bright regions of Attica, and into the mild climates where Arethusa rolls its happy waves among the flowers.

Industrious Bees, you owe not your existence to corruption, the ancient poets, in giving you such an origin, have unworthily disgraced you. It is to the sublime Intelligence which animates and governs all nature, it is to the supreme wisdom, you owe motion, life, and that admirable instinct by which you are able to produce such wonders.

Who can contemplate these marvellous hives without astonishment, models of a government firm and durable, in which opulence is the fruit of labor, where nothing is tolerated, nothing is prosperous, but what is useful; where laziness has no favor to expect, where all disorder is punished with death.

What do I see? Among this laborious people all are obedient to one single power, to one

only queen. Mother of this immense family, she is the safety and the hope of the republic, the object of the general love. Cares, labors, homage, all relate to this powerful sovereign, whose prodigious fecundity produces those swarms, those numerous colonies which by frequent emigrations, go to a distance to form in their turn other states.

New queens ambitious of the throne, rise up to share the sceptre and supreme authority: suddenly on all sides begin bloody wars; innumerable battalions obscure the air; the battle begins, they engage; fury and carnage reign every where, the earth is covered with the dying and the dead, and cruel Atropos cannot count the victims that she sends to the gloomy banks below.

Thus these numerous swarms, spread through the world, govern themselves; those of Mount Hybla and Hymettus, of the Atlantic Isles and of India, and those of the rich countries washed by the Hellespont, all follow the same laws, the same manners, the same administration.

New wonders present themselves and delight me. Ingenious Bees, what architect, or rather

what beneficent Divinity has bestowed on you the talent of constructing, with so much symmetry and proportion, such regular edifices, such perfect cells; to distil into them this exquisite honey, to form this wax, which fashioned by art, chase away night from our splendid halls, and reproduce in the midst of darkness, the lamps of heaven, and the splendor of a fine day.

But already the zephyrs are felt in our groves; winter and the hoar frosts are fled, and have plunged into the caverns of Appenine; the almond tree flourishes; borne on a cloud of azure and silver, Spring descends from heaven, holding in her hands garlands of violets and primroses; the star of day shines, and fills the air with a pleasant heat.

Come forth, young Bees, come from that asylum where Boreas has so long held you captive: let the fields resound with your hummings: go, fly over the flowers still moist with the tears of Aurora; despoil them of the farina which renders them fragrant, plunge into their calices, draw from them the juices and delightful perfumes. Loaded with such precious spoils, return and confide to

the working bees that delicious honey, with which in times of old you had the glory to nourish, on Mount Ida, the father of the Gods, great Jupiter : and that fragrant wax destined to burn in the palaces of kings, and to heighten in the temples of the Divinity, the pomp of altars and the majesty of religious ceremonies.

Happy Bees, you recal to my mind the sweet remembrance of my infancy, and the affection my grandfather had for you. That old man preserved to an advanced age the strength and gaiety of youth : retired from the world, he passed his tranquil days in the country.

In the most healthy place of his orchard, and under the most pleasant aspect he placed your hives. Thyme, jessamine, marjoram, lavender, and a thousand odoriferous shrubs, which he had planted, grew around. The linden and the maple shaded and sheltered you from the insults of the north wind. Not far distant ran a brook which tempered by its coolness the fires of the south, and offered you an ever pure stream.

Alas! what was his pain when a cold more rigorous than that of the Hyperborean mountains destroyed half his hives! The shepherd Aristæus regretted less his flocks: the sorrowful Atlantides shed fewer tears over the tomb of their tender brother, than he for the death of his beloved Bees,

When the season to despoil you of your treasures arrived, that venerable man rejoiced to press in his hands your sweet combs, and to see the frothy honey, in long streams of gold, run into an antique bason.

I still remember it with delight; taking me by the hand he went every day to visit his hives: he showed me the pernicious herbs and venomous plants, and stooped down to pluck them up. How many times in spite of his prohibitions, going too near the hives, the sting of an angry bee has made me feel pain for my imprudent curiosity. Alarmed at my cries, he ran with threatening words, but soon softened by my tears and lamentations, he took me in his arms, pitied me, lavished on me

his tender caresses, and, good old man, himself wiped away my tears.

Alas; how often have I since experienced that the most painful griefs of infancy, and the divers privations with which that rebellious age is disquieted, are only sports, trivial evils, which in a more advanced age, disappear before the troubles of the heart.

Every thing grows feeble and passes away; but the chagrins, the torments of a feeling heart spring afresh every day, and increase when we grow old.

Happy to be still able to soften them by singing the pleasures of innocence, and the cares of rural life, which I shall admire to the last moment of my life.



THE FROST OF APRIL.

THE FROST OF APRIL



THE spring and the zephyrs had revived nature, and begun their peaceful reign ; the resplendent sun inundated the earth with his fires, and spread life and joy through the world.

The plains were clothed with verdure ; the trees covered with blossoms mingled their sweet perfumes ; the fragrant violet embalmed the air.

In the fresh springing groves were heard the warbling of birds : the rivulets flowed with smoother streams. Charmed by the return of spring, the reassembled shepherds were conducting their

flocks into the meadows. Some played on the pipe, others caused echo to repeat their rustic airs. Every where the fields presented an enchanting spectacle.

Happy inhabitants of the hamlets, you often raised your eyes and hands toward heaven, blessing the father of nature. At the sight of so many rising treasures, you congratulated each other, and in the sweet hope of an abundant crop, after the labors of the day, gave yourselves up to the innocent pleasures of pure joy.

Alas! these charming pleasures soon disappeared. One evening, I shall never forget, one evening when all the neighbouring youth were assembled under the spreading foliage of an ancient elm, dancing to the sound of the pastoral flute, in presence of their relations seated on the grass, suddenly the air becomes cold, the horizon reddens, the stars sparkle. Borne on the wings of night, the impetuous sons of Æolus descend upon the fields, and pursue, as far as the groves, spring bathed in tears.

Sudden fear appears in every countenance; the consternation becomes universal; only cries and lamentations are heard. The terror redoubles, when in the middle of this disastrous night, the doleful sounds of the bell are heard. They fly to the temple, each one with eyes cast down to the earth invokes heaven. Heaven, this time, was deaf to the groans and prayers of the poor laborer.

Pitiless Aquilo had destroyed every thing. Aurora with her silver front soon appeared, but appeared grieved to show the frightful mourning of the fields. What a distressing picture! On all sides were seen the blossoms of the trees, faded and shattered by the winds, falling with their unformed fruits; the tender buds of the vines were blackened by the cold, the corn covered with a destructive hoar frost hanging to its spikes.—The labors and the hopes of the year were all destroyed.

Oppressed with present misfortune, and the frightful prospect of the future, the unhappy

husbandmen cast their eyes, full of compassion, on their terrified families. Dejected, plunged in profound grief, and immoveable on the threshold of their door, they contemplated in melancholy silence those vines, those fields, those orchards, which lately promised them such valuable treasures, and which a moment had rendered barren; they contemplated them with sighs, and melted into tears.

Distressed and inconsolable, their young spouses sighed over the cradle of their tender infants, and bathed them with tears while nourishing them with their breasts.

The old men were heard deploring bitterly their misery, invoking death, and complaining to heaven that their unfortunate lives were prolonged.

Young *Lisimon*, who can express your grief? In a few days, alas! you were to have united your lot to that of the most virtuous shepherdess of the hamlet; already her lovely companions were preparing the garland of flowers which was to embellish her front, sparkling with candor and joy. Happy in your approaching felicity, your relatives

followed by a joyous band of shepherds, were going to conduct you with the sound of rural instruments to the foot of the Altar, to tie the knot approved by innocence.

A happiness so desirable is then retarded ! Both poor, the hope of a fertile harvest constituted your only riches ; and that the fatal frost has destroyed. Ah ! may a happier spring return to you ! May propitious heaven crown such pure sentiments ! May I be long the witness of your happiness, and one day propose you as models to your children, and teach them, citing you for an example, that the father of men never abandons those whose hearts are faithful to virtue !



THE SHEEPFOLD.

THE SHEEPFOLD.



FEED young lambs, feed along these happy banks, in the midst of this plain enamelled with flowers; quench your thirst in the running brook which waters it; let the soft murmurs of its waves lull you to sleep—sleep in peace under the shade of these poplars. The new shepherd, who watches for your security, is beloved of heaven;—innocent lambs, you shall no more be exposed to the fury of devouring wolves.

No more shall the dewy morn behold you without a guide, wandering and exposed to dangers, or regretting your young brothers who had

strayed in the woods; never in the evening did you return in the same number to the abandoned sheepfold.

How often have greedy robbers, more cruel than those barbarians who dwell under the frozen bear; how often, after having carried you off by stealth, have they plunged in your bosom the mortal steel, wetting the earth with your blood, which it imbibed with reluctance.

Fearful lambs, the Gods touched with your misfortunes have regarded you in pity; doubtless you are beloved by them, since they have given you such a shepherd. May the righteous Gods preserve him long for your happiness. Alas; if you lose him what will become of you? unfortunate flock what would then be your lot? Where would you find so much love, so much care? Who would conduct you into the meadow? who would lead you back again to the sheepfold?—And who would, like him, incessantly labor to find for you the most salutary pasturage and the purest waters?

Be at least attentive to his voice. While he lives you will be sheltered from danger, and will not have to dread any of your enemies.

Enjoy at your leisure what heaven has sent you, days more serene still shine for you. Go out without fear, spring out of the sheepfold; go now, go and bound in the valley, feed on the wild thyme refreshed by the dew of the morning; the vigilant shepherd will follow you every where.

If by chance some hungry wolf shall again roam around the flock, the valiant dogs keeping sentry, will chase this furious animal, and, barking aloud, eagerly pursue him even to his den.

Or if the martial bird, the eagle with daring looks, stoop suddenly from the lofty mountain to seize one of you in his crooked claws, to carry you to his nest, a ball, more rapid than the lightning shall suddenly strike his extended wings, and the haughty king of the air shall fall lifeless at the foot of the shepherd.

Feed young lambs, feed along these pleasant banks, in the midst of this plain enamelled with flowers; quench your thirst in the running brook

which waters it ; let the soft murmurs of its waves lull you to sleep—sleep in peace under the shade of these poplars. The new shepherd, who watches for your security, is beloved of heaven ;—innocent lambs, you shall no more be exposed to the fury of devouring wolves.



THE BIRDS.

THE BIRDS.



UNFORTUNATE birds, whom merciless hands have taken from your nest, alas! how you raise my compassion! I cannot behold you without pain. No, my wounded heart can no longer support the cries, the plaintive moans of your unhappy mothers, nor see them continually flying round the cage which deprives them of their dearest hopes.

Go, innocent birds, go and console them; I restore you to their love. Do I want to destroy your liberty in order to be happy? Ah! far from

increasing my pleasure, your slavery would sadden my heart; night and day I should live in alarm.

What! your nests have escaped the researches of your enemy, the perfidious adder, and I, perhaps, should have the affliction to see you incessantly exposed to a thousand dangers, to behold you perish under the cruel claws of that deceitful animal, the domestic tiger, always athirst for your blood! No, I will not be witness of your death: go, fly in the air.

I shall not entirely lose you, harmonious nightingales: every year, when the reign of Flora commences, will you not return on the wings of zephyrs to the grove near my humble cottage? Yes, you will come again to the borders of these fountains, and under these flowery lilacs, to charm my disconsolate mind by your ravishing songs.

I shall again hear your sweet warblings, happy linnets; with transport I shall again hear you sing on the branches of the fragrant hawthorn, at the rising of the sun, and fill this fertile valley with your melodious sounds.

Amorous goldfinches with what joy I shall again behold you, at the return of the spring sporting on my rose bushes, flying lightly from shrub to shrub, pursuing one another at pleasure from branch to branch, dazzling my enchanted eyes with the brilliant colors of your plumage.

Go then instantly from your prison, go, young birds, for ever abandon my aviary, go, live in your own element; be at last free; then will your songs be more pleasant; and then shall I be happier.

When the fickle butterfly displaying his gilded wings to the rays of a fine day, hovering in the air, shall go to render homage to every flower in my garden, you, lovely birds, you will embellish, you will people my orchard. I will protect your nests; no merciless children shall approach them: I will declare war against the kite and the murderous sparrow-hawk. Your songs, your loves will be delightful to me.

And if at any time rankling care and black melancholy, coming out of their eternal asylum, shall

dare to wing their way toward my solitude, O charming birds! your sweet concerts will drive them away, and compel them to take shelter under the canopy of kings.



THE TOMB.

THE TOMB.



SAD depository of all that was dear to me in the world, thou whom a weeping spouse formerly raised to the object of her affections. solitary tomb, overshadowed with mournful cypress, wandering with melancholy steps in these gloomy vallies, and a heart swollen with grief, I come, to relieve my pain, and to repeat to thee my woes.

Heavens! what afflicting recollections awaken in my distressed soul at the sight of thee. Shall I here call to remembrance those painful ideas? Shall I be able to describe the bitter anguish,

which pierces my heart afresh, and causes my tears to flow at the recollection of my loss.

Tender and pure souls, you will sympathize with me, at the recital of my long misfortunes. The cold and unfeeling will be but little affected by them: they will hear the accents of my grief without a sigh: the indifferent are unacquainted with the tender and durable affections of blood and friendship.

But I, who know these sweet sensations, who have experienced them all; I who have lost so much, unhappy me! let me be permitted at least to mourn, and to come under these gloomy shades to breathe forth my sighs.

Alas! so good a father, so virtuous a mother, whom I adored, in whom centered the happiness of my life, so soon snatched from me! And when? At the moment when my presence seemed to give them new life; when loaded by the marks of their tenderness, I forgot in their presence the torments I had suffered in a long absence.

I shall always remember that moment, when, forced by cruel destiny to leave the paternal roof,

I separated myself from the authors of my existence. Motionless, overwhelmed, for a long time they spoke to me only by sighs and profound sobbings. My father was the first to interrupt this heart-rending silence of grief. O my son! said he to me, if ever we were dear to thee, remember our love, cherish the remembrance of the tenderest of mothers.

Bathed with their tears I quitted the arms of one but to fall into those of the other. I was forced, alas! to tear myself from them: and when, after the most cruel absence, I ran to embrace them, they disappear for ever. Death has deprived me of them at the moment I was enjoying their most tender caresses, in which I felt, sensibly felt, that, here below, happiness consists alone in the sweet effusions of nature and friendship. Happy days! alas how short! I have now nothing left but the tormenting regret of having for ever lost you.

And you, whose memory will be ever dear to me, faithful friends whom cruel death has ravished from me in the prime of life; whom he has

without pity for me, murdered in my embraces. I called you, and you no more heard my voice; I would have clasped you in my arms and already you were no more.

Who can console me? Who can relieve my heart? What do I say? my deep wounds will bleed the remainder of my days, and conduct me to the tomb.

Cruel death, behold the wounds thou hast given me. Tell me, what more dreadful evils hast thou in reserve for me? Thou hast taken away my all. Now lost, plunged in sorrow, a burden to myself, what will become of me? Where shall I fly?—Where direct my steps?—To whom unbosom my soul?—To whom shall I apply for help in the decline of life?—Who will take care of my forlorn old age?

An orphan, and insulated in the midst of ungrateful men, I have no longer a friend, I am a stranger and forsaken in the world; and to crown my misfortunes, I still live.

Unhappy creature! I thought to find repose, and to calm my grief by removing from these

climates where nothing any longer yielded me comfort, without strength and almost dying, I quitted for ever, the fertile fields and ancient dwelling of my ancestors.

Ah, what bitter tears I then shed, and how affecting was my last farewell! All nature seemed to sympathize with me : the rocks groaned, the river that waters those rich countries stayed its waves, and its banks affected by my grief, long echoed my mournful lamentations.

Oh! how have I deceived myself, I carried in my flight the indelible impression of my sad grief; the remembrance of those whom I loved, has followed me to other climes; I shall always remember them, I carry them, I feel them still live in my heart. I think I see them by day, and converse with them by night : dear ideas, delightful illusions of a feeling mind, which vanish at waking, and only increase my poignant anguish.

There is then no more happiness for me! I am dead to the world, I must not hope to repose in peace, until I arrive at the tranquil tomb. I live but to mourn. Alas! when will my last day dawn?

When shall I see my lamp of life turn pale?
When shall I disappear as a shadow, or fall under
the scythe of death, like a lily cut down by the
north wind?

In waiting for the termination of my misfortunes, O consoling tomb ! I shall henceforth have no other desire, no relief but in approaching these mournful shades, to nourish my griefs, to talk to thee of my afflictions, to tell them to thee continually, even to thee who hast caused them all.

How does time change our minds and cause us to differ from ourselves. In the morning of my life, I could not bear the sight of a coffin, a dying person was to me a spectacle of horror. Did a funeral procession come in my way? I shivered, turned aside my eyes, and ran hastily away, crying like a child, who, seeing a hideous viper crawl from the cavity of a rock, runs away, almost dead with fear.

I still remember it : I started in the dark, when the bell, tolling, shook the air with its melancholy sounds ; it seemed as if the voice of death itself assailed my ears. A universal trembling then

seized my frame, my feeble spirits forsook me, and all my blood retired to my palpitating heart.

Like a traveller who has lost his way in the night in an immense forest, if on a sudden he hear the roaring of a distant torrent, whose fall re-echoed aloud redoubles the horror which the gloomy night inspires; motionless, he listens, turns pale with terror, his hair stands erect; he quickens his steps, thinking himself pursued, at one time by an evil genius and by frightful spectres, at another by wolves howling in the vallies.

Now that I have lost all that made life dear to me, now that cruel destiny has completed the measure of my woes, I will descend without fear and without regret to the regions of the dead. The image of death no longer terrifies me. What do I say? Alas! I daily implore the tomb, I call it to my assistance. It is not so dreadful, so horrible as the vulgar imagine; it is the asylum of the unhappy, often the object of the wishes of the philosopher, and the peaceful port after which the soul, fatigued by the tempests of life, incessantly sighs.

No, I fear death no more; and why should I dread it, if piety, if filial tenderness, if constant friendship have inflamed my soul?

Let those tremble at the sight of death, who have the impious audacity to attack the Supreme Being, and to brave his thunder: let them abandon themselves to despair, and, on the borders of the tomb, with blasphemous mouths invoke annihilation. But I who believe in immortality, I, who have always religiously nourished in my heart this sentiment so consoling to an unhappy mind, who have always cherished it as a present from the beneficent Creator to the man who has unhappily survived his dearest friends, I shall soon go to a happier country and rejoin the dear objects of my love.

Yes, I shall go and be forever united to those sublime souls, in the happy regions, where tender friendship, satisfied and tranquil, no more laments those cruel separations which wound it here below. This consoling hope, which the divine goodness has implanted in my breast, encourages me in

the painful path of life, and will constitute the felicity of my last moments.

Ye verdant fields, ye charming hills, over which I have so often roved, preserve for ever the remembrance of my sorrows. Beloved fountain, surrounded with flowery shrubs that drink thy pure waters, mayst thou, long after I am no more, preserve upon thy banks, the trace of my steps. Lofty trees, rehearse my misfortunes to those who shall come to repose under your shade.

Let the compassionate hand that shall close my eyes, suspend my melodious and tender lute to the branches of the young beech which I planted—deposit my ashes at the foot of that tree—and carve on its bark these words:

“Sympathizing men, who come to muse in this valley, stop before this tomb and bathe it with your tears. Alas! he who is interred here loved his parents and friends so tenderly, that, disconsolate for their loss, he only languished and died of grief.”



ELEGIES.

ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH OF A BROTHER.

Since the day he died, I have only languished ; even the pleasures which are offered me, instead of affording me relief, redouble my sorrow for his loss.

MONTAIGNE.

O HEAVENS! what a terrible shock has my disconsolate soul just experienced !—how am I again plunged into grief by a mournful event, which has opened afresh all the deep wounds of my heart.

Surely I was destined to survive whatever was most dear to me, and to groan over the tomb of my whole family.

My tears were still flowing on the tomb of a father: had I not sufficient cause to weep? Was not my misery great enough? Could I have expected so soon to deplore the death of a brother hardly arrived at the meridian of life, of a brother, the only one, alas! that remained to me?

Thus it is—neither the flower of youth, the gentleness of his manners, his love of justice, his beneficence, nor his pity for the distressed, could guarantee him from death.

He is no more—that tender friend for whom I would have laid down my life; that half of myself—that other self: I have lost him! The flower that blossoms in the morning, in the evening languishing and fading, passes not so swiftly away—he is no more—In vain I seek him in the rural retreats which he loved—under the solitary shades where he so often conducted my steps: I shall find him no more. Ah! woe is me! he

has disappeared for ever, like the shadow that flies rapidly from the eye of the beholder.

Behold the destiny of miserable man! A few moments of fleeting felicity, soon followed by lasting grief. This is a life of painful feelings—of heart-rending separations

Alas; he whom I mourn, was to me in the place of a father; and of what a father!—He had his candor, his noble disposition, his heroic virtues.

He had seen me grow up from infancy, my tender years were confided to his care. What would he not have done for me? He could not have loved his own son more: no, his heart could not have bestowed on him more tender cares, nor manifested, to his least sufferings, a more lively sensibility. Never shall I lose the recollection of a conduct so amiable.

With what pleasure did he cultivate my mind! What charms did he give to virtue by the persuasive eloquence that flowed from his lips.

I was indebted to him for whatever constituted the pleasure of my life in its most happy period. He inspired me with the love of letters ; he taught my tender and ingenuous soul to relish the endearing, the delicious, sentiment of friendship. For him only I lived ; and death has deprived me of my dearest friend !—Oh ! that his scythe had rather cut the thread of my days—that I had gone before him to the tomb !

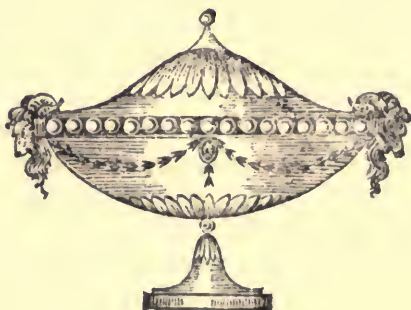
Inauspicious presages announced to me this dreadful stroke. How often have gloomy terrors agitated my soul ! as if heaven designed sometimes to inform weak mortals of the great misfortunes which threaten them. A thousand doleful ideas have for a long time incessantly tormented me. In vain I repulsed them ; they besieged me every where—in my solitary walks—in the gloom of midnight. Often plaintive cries seemed to strike my ear : I have even imagined that I saw my unhappy brother, pale, fainting, stretching out to me his arms—Alas ! those forebodings were but too true—The dart of death was raised over his head.

My name, yes, I know it—my name was pronounced with his last breath—his faltering voice incessantly called me—he called his brother—his friend—his eyes sought me around the bed of grief—in expiring he still asked for me—and I was ignorant of his affliction—immense regions separated us—I could not embrace him before an eternal night had enveloped him in its dreadful darkness!—I shall never more behold him!

O heavens! he no longer lives;—unhappy creature that I am!—I could not support, I could not console him!—and to complete my misfortune, he could not witness my despair—his last looks could not see my flowing tears.

Alas! I should perhaps have recalled him to life by pressing him to my heart—he knew how I loved him. My voice might have aroused him; he might have heard my lamentations and my sobs; and gently raising his troubled head, he might have opened his eyelids and fixed on me his dying eyes. I would have thrown myself into his arms, I would have fixed my mouth close to his frozen lips to retain his departing soul; or, if cruel

death insensible to my cries, would have continued for ever inexorable, ah ! at least mingling my groans with those of a disconsolate family, hardly able to support myself, I would have accompanied him to the tomb ; and in that moment perhaps my prayers, my most ardent prayers, might have been heard, and I should have fallen into the arms of death on his coffin, in bidding him a last farewell.



ELEGY ON THE DEATH
OF THE
ABBE DE CONDILLAC.

I HAD lost my friend, his tomb was bathed with my tears: inconsolable, I wandered in the solitary places where every thing recalled to my mind that illustrious man.

O cruel death! said I, inexorable death! oughtest thou to have ravished him so soon from his friends? Oughtest thou to have taken him away at a time, when, braving the injuries of old

age, he might still have indulged the sweet hope of long life?

I often stopped, thinking I still heard his voice: my eyes were incessantly turned toward the sacred walls where I saw him laid in the tomb.

One day, overwhelmed with excessive sorrow, I sat down under a willow, and taking again my plaintive lyre, that lyre which he loved, and alas! whose sounds he will hear no more, I addressed to the sovereign of the universe this mournful elegy. May this feeble homage immortalize my grief, and preserve throughout all ages the remembrance of my affection.

O thou whose infinite clemency is equal to thy greatness, Father of men, regard my sorrow, and deign to hear the voice of groaning and disconsolate friendship.

That wise mortal whom thou hadst endowed with superior reason, that transcendent spirit, that able advocate for truth, that great man is no more: his virtuous soul, forsaking the earth has taken its flight to the celestial regions.

Ye everlasting mansions open your doors to receive him ; ye confidents of the Most High, adoring spirits continually bowing with reverence before his throne, spread your shining wings, fly to meet this sublime soul, and carry him in triumph to the bosom of the Supreme Being.

Ah ! who is more worthy to enter into the sanctuary of eternity, to contemplate, without a veil, the supreme Intelligence, the immutable truth, than the eminent genius who has penetrated beforehand so far into its profound abyss ; than the religious philosopher who, full of faith in the Deity, has demonstrated his existence with so much energy and majesty ? *

Who is more worthy to be united to the father of nature, to the being essentially good, than that just man, that pure soul, who shrunk back with holy dread even at the shadow of evil ?

Where will be found his candor and his noble sentiments ? Who will now be able to unite so much knowledge to so much simplicity of manners ? What mortal has united more constantly,

* See the notes at the end of this elegy.

and in so high a degree, strict integrity, ancient rectitude, and the fortitude of virtue ?

Father of men, regard my sorrow, and deign to hear the voice of groaning and disconsolate friendship.

Never has any one shown a greater hatred to vice, more horror at flattery, so much indifference to vain glory, and so much contempt for vile intrigue : never has any one been more disinterested, more benevolent, more sensible to friendship. This I have seen, and this I attest to posterity.

Generous son of the Bourbons, magnanimous prince, whose royal qualities render you worthy of the sovereign rank you hold among the powers of Europe, you, whose first steps that luminous genius directed in the paths of science and sublime virtue, with what sentiments you honored his death ! O how your benefits, which survive him, must rejoice his shade, by the glory thereby reflected on your noble mind.

And you, who caused the happiness of his days, who lived in his heart, you his most tender friends, illustrious *Nivernois*, wise *Keralio* ; and you who

Shared his celebrity, virtuous *Mably*, worthy brother of this great man, what has been your grief! what tears have you shed for his death! But I, unhappy that I am, overwhelmed with this irreparable loss, I will deplore it the rest of my life, I shall be for ever inconsolable.

Father of men, regard my sorrow, and deign to hear the voice of afflicted and disconsolate friendship.

Oh! how afflicting it is to see a man of genius suffer, to see his eyes covered with the shades of death, and closed for ever from the light! How distressing, to receive his last sighs! But how delightful to have been beloved by him, to have lived with him so long in that peaceful retreat, where, jealous of his liberty, he passed an honorable life.

Charming field which he loved, young almond trees which he cultivated with his own hands, happy shade, delightful habitation, rendered still more charming by the presence of that illustrious man, beautiful places, which his dwelling must

tender for ever famous, with what regret I behold you.

Alas! with what heart-rending agony I again behold the house where he died; and those long walks bordered with willows and poplars, where I mournfully followed the hearse which carried the remains of so great a man; the solitary temple where, surrounding his coffin, and mixing their mournful songs with the funeral ceremonies, the ministers of the altar, rendered him the last honors.

Father of men, regard my sorrow, and deign to hear the voice of groaning and disconsolate friendship.

Ah! how worthy he is of our tears, this good man in whom humanity was a sentiment, and to whom tender friendship was indispensable. How this wise philosopher merits our praises who took a tender care of virtue in distress, and thought he then only enjoyed when he communicated to others.

My heart still resounds with the cries, the sobs, of the unhappy orphans, of women, of old men

faded by poverty and bent under the weight of years. Alas! they will no more see the compassionate man, who planted them in their rustic habitation, and alleviated with his generous hand their cruel misfortunes, they will see him no more. How is this excellent man honored by these tears, which flow at the tender recollection of his beneficent virtues! how much more glorious they are to his memory, than those grand works which will immortalize his genius.

O incomprehensible God, whose power and holiness are beyond the expression of mortals; thou in whose eyes the sun is not pure, but who, prompted incessantly by thy goodness, appears glorious in bestowing pardon: thou who reignest in the highest heavens over the empire of knowledge, who dispensest genius and virtue and judgest them with indulgence; supreme arbiter of our destinies, religion, literature, humanity, recommend to thee his pure soul. Receive my friend to thy paternal arms, and crown all thy other gifts by rendering the best of men for ever happy.

Rural cemetery where his ashes repose, ancient elms whose shade covers his peaceful tomb, how venerable you appear in my eyes! With what religious grief I view you! Ah if the tomb of a friend affects us, if we bathe it with bitter tears, if we cannot behold it without a sigh, at least it does not inspire us with terror like that of the wicked.

Let the men who are polluted with vice and impiety, like so many monsters, the reproach of the human race, disappear from the earth, let them be precipitated into the gulph of oblivion.

Let the thunder crush their tomb, and the fury of heaven like a destroying whirlwind, disperse their sacrilegious ashes in the air: let their memory and their posterity perish, let nothing of the guilty man remain, but the hatred of his name, and the detestation of his crimes.

But let the wise man who has enlightened human kind by his genius, who has consoled them by his sentiments: let the philosopher who, rising on rapid wing to the highest speculations of human intelligence, has devoted his whole life to

truth and virtue, be the object of veneration to all ages: let men from the remotest regions, out of respect to his name, come to visit the place he inhabited: let the tomb which contains his mortal part, become to great minds a monument of religion: let the sight of this tomb excite in all hearts mournful recollections and lasting grief; let a great man be at last known; let him at last be honored when he is no more; let the splendor of his glory silence envy, and after death let him walk, for ever content and tranquil, in the paths of immortality.

Merciful creator of feeble mortals, be attentive to my grief, and condescend to hear the voice of groaning and disconsolate friendship.

Innumerable choirs of celestial spirits, sing forth the clemency of the Omnipotent, cause the immense vault of heaven to resound with his praises. Celebrate also, celebrate the virtues of those great geniuses, images of the Deity, whose glory has ascended to the stars: let their harmonious

voices join your sublime songs : seated on thrones
of gold, let them tune with you those ravishing
hymns which you incessantly sing before the
throne of the Eternal.



NOTES.

I.

PERSONS who have known the Abbé de Condillac only by name, will read with pleasure the excellent lessons which that enlightened man gave to his august pupil on the most important subjects.

In the preliminary lessons to the *Cours d'Etude*, the Abbé taught the young prince, with his usual precision and clearness, how we obtain a knowledge of God.

After having employed the comparison of a watch, to make him comprehend how evident it is, in a succession of causes and effects, that there must necessarily be a first cause, and that had

there not been a watchmaker there could not have been a watch, he says :

“ Reflect upon yourself, and you will be convinced that there is in you, as in a watch, a train of causes and effects. Reflect upon the universe : this will be to you as a great watch, in which there is still a subordination of causes and effects. But we have just seen that where there is a subordination of causes and effects, there is necessarily a first cause. There is then a first cause which has made the universe.

In order to establish this subordination among things, it is necessary to know perfectly all their relations, and understand all their parts. A watchmaker will not be able to make a watch, if there be any one part of which he does not know the proportions. The being who formed the universe must necessarily possess intelligence.

As the intelligence of the watchmaker must embrace all the parts of the watch, the intelligence of the first cause must embrace the whole universe. If any part escaped his knowledge, it would not be possible for him to place it in its

proper situation ; and yet his work would be destroyed, if only a single thing were out of its place. But an intelligence which embraces every thing, is an infinite intelligence. The intelligence of the first cause is then infinite.

But to make a watch it is not sufficient merely to understand it, skill or power to do it are also necessary. The power of the first cause is then as extensive as his intelligence : it embraces the whole, is is then infinite.

Since this first cause embraces every thing, it is every where. It is then immense.

As this cause is first, it is independent. If it were dependent there would be another cause which would be before it. But since it is necessary there should be one first cause, this first cause must necessarily be independent.

This first cause being independent, omnipotent, and supremely wise, it effects what it wills. It is then free.

It cannot acquire new knowledge, for then its intelligence would be limited. It beholds at once

the past and the future. It cannot change its resolution; for if it changed, it could not have foreseen every thing. It is then immutable.

It is a consequence of its independence that it could not have had a beginning, and that it cannot end. If it had commenced, it would depend on that which gave it existence, and if it could end, it would depend on that which might cease to preserve it, it is then eternal.

As it is intelligent it discerns the good and the evil, judges merit and demerit: as it is free, it consequently acts: that is to say, it loves the good, hates the ill, recompenses virtue, punishes vice, and pardons the penitent who reforms. In all this it does whatever it wills, because it wills the good, and wills only good.

The qualities of this cause are called attributes: and we give to the attribute by which it punishes the name of *Justice*; to that by which it recompenses, the name of *Goodness*; to that by which it pardons, the name of *Mercy*.

The power which made all things, the intelligence which rules all, the kindness which recompenses,

the mercy which pardons, are expressed by one word, that of *Providence*. It comes from a Latin word which signifies *to provide*. It is in effect, by these attributes that this first cause provides for all.

A first cause all intelligent, omnipotent, independent, free, immutable, eternal, immense, just, good, merciful, and whose providence embraces all—this is the idea we ought to have of God. &c. &c.”

II.

THE description of the establishment, the rapid progress and the triumphs of religion which the Abbé de Condillac gave to his august pupil in the 15th. Book of the *Cours d'Etude*, Vol. 7. page 85. is well worth quoting here.

“ I have shown you, said he to the prince, the history of that religion which leads us back to the beginning of the world : you have touched, so to speak, the solid foundations upon which it is established. We are equally culpable when we deny-

the existence of things because we have not seen them, or because we do not comprehend them, and when we think lightly of them without having examined the authority of those who relate them. A wise man will shun both these extremes.—God cannot be deceived, nor will he deceive me. It would then be foolish in me not to believe what he has said. All are not obliged to reason in religion, but all are obliged to study it with humility. It is here, especially, that confidence is dangerous. All men are not capable of deep researches; God comes to the help of the feeble. The ignorant believes and is saved, because grace is to him instead of knowledge; while others who are learned believe not because they refuse the grace; they are blinded either by too much confidence, or out of ambition of being singular, or from the desire of giving loose to their passions. But God confounds the pride of the heart, and the irregularity of the affections. We cannot be too much on our guard against that reason which often seeks only to prove what it wishes us to believe. Let not the passions seduce us; let us not mur-

mur against that morality which condemns them ; let us love the truth which constrains us, let us worship it and submit ourselves to it. The manner in which religion spread, is the principal object offered to us in the three first ages of the church. You will see on the one side the obstacles it had to encounter, and on the other the miraculous means which rendered it victorious. You will soon be convinced that its propagation is a new proof of its divinity. We need only go back to the time of Jesus Christ, and consider the ages before and since that period, for that will be the true point of view to seize the whole of all the truths, which are at the foundation of our faith. All the prophecies were accomplished in Jesus Christ, and so visibly that it was not possible to mistake him. Yet the Jews were so blind as not to see in him the Messiah they expected : the greatest part of them were obstinate in their blindness, while the truth preached to the Gentiles made a rapid progress.

Formed on the model of their divine master, who had instructed them, the apostles preached

the gospel with simplicity, they declared it with courage, and sealed it with their blood. They did not want the artifices of eloquence, nor the subtle reasonings of philosophy: those arts, more necessary to fable than to truth were foreign to them. In a word, they were neither rhetoricians nor philosophers; they were pious, simple, and courageous. Their disciples followed their example, attaching themselves to the same simplicity, and did not seek in human science wherewith to adorn the truths of the gospel.

From the beginning of the second age, at the time the gospel was diffusing light over all Europe, the attention of men of letters was drawn to it, the eyes of the learned and of the philosophers began to open. It was no longer the people only who were converted; the most enlightened minds began to believe. They who were sincerely seeking after truth, were disgusted at last with the vain questions, the inconsistencies, the absurdities and the false wisdom of all sects of philosophers; and beholding the new Religion which was preached to them, they compared it with what they had hi-

therto known. They studied the christian religion, and were convinced of its divinity, they were conquered by the truth of miracles and the accomplishment of prophecy. They saw something divine in a doctrine whose character was at once the sublimity of opinions, the simplicity of language, the purity and holiness of morality. If they found in it some mysteries which they could not comprehend, they were at least forced to acknowledge they could not contest them, nor substitute any thing better in their place. They at last discovered the means to arrive at that tranquillity, at that happiness, which they had been seeking for ages, and which had given birth to so many systems."



BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED, AND SOLD BY F. B. WRIGHT.

Baker's Universe, a Poem, a new Edition, with Notes and the Life of the Author. BY F. B. WRIGHT.

WHOLESONE truths are inculcated in this poem, respecting the existence and supremacy of the Deity; and the numbers are sufficiently correct. The author wrote at the close of the seventeenth century, and his work is now republished to perpetuate his merits and utility in correcting scepticism and infidelity. The biographical notices of Mr. Baker, and the notes, are additional recommendations.

Monthly Review for May, 1805.

WE congratulate the public on the appearance of this new and neat edition of a very admirable poem. It is written in rhyme, characterised by a considerable portion of ease and harmony. The description it contains of the planetary system rises to sublimity. It cannot be read without feeling a greater degree of reverence for the works and ways of the Deity.

Monthly Visitor for October, 1804.

See also *Lady's Monthly Museum*, July, 1805, and the *Monthly Mirror*.

The following written by R. Wright.

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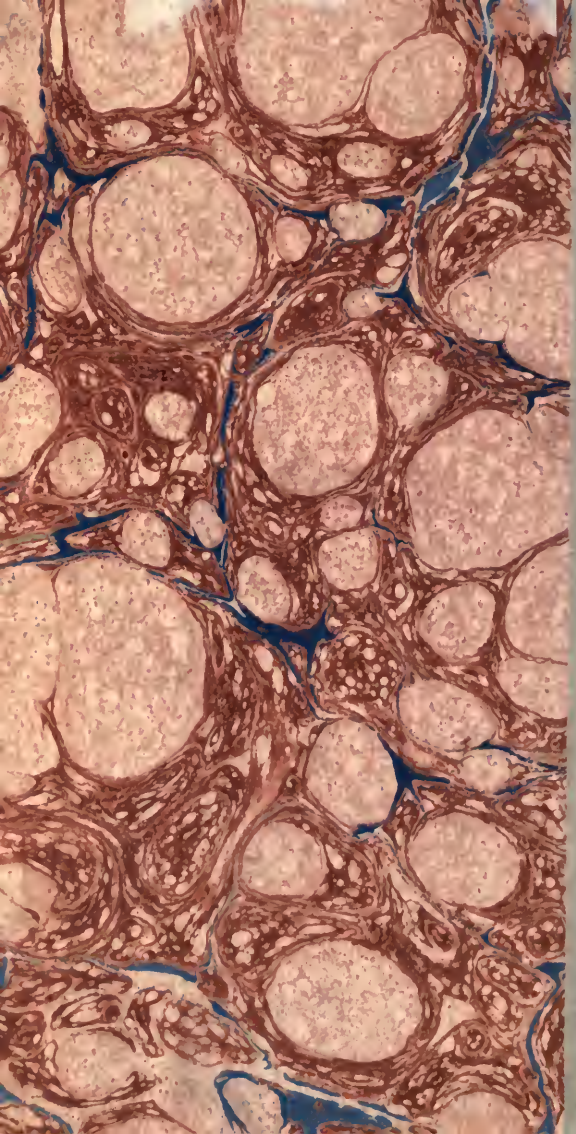
The Tongue, or Essays on the use and abuse of Speech, *sewed*, 3s

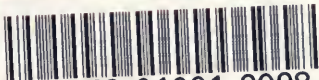
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